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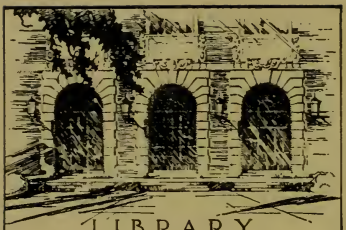

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TRADITION OF THE CASTLE.

Printed by J. Darling, Leadenhall-Street, London.

THE

TRADITION OF THE CASTLE;

OR,

SCENES IN THE EMERALD ISLE.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY

REGINA MARIA ROCHE,

AUTHOR OF

THE CHILDREN OF THE ABBEY, VICAR OF LANSDOWN, MAID OF THE HAMLET, &c.

"Oh Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more."

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

A. K. NEWMAN AND CO. LEADENHALL-STREET.

1824.

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THE

TRADITION OF THE CASTLE.

CHAPTER I.

"Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away, thy children leave the land."

THE trampling of horses in the court-yard of the castle, drew the attention of Mrs. O'Brien from a new publication she was engaged with at the moment; she eagerly ran to a window, in the hope that it was Mr. O'Brien's arrival from the "*grand city*" that was thus announced; nor was she disappointed in the hope—he was alighting at the instant, and ere she

could meet him in the hall, was already at the head of the stairs.

Mutual greetings over—"Well, my love," said Mrs. O'Brien, "I am happy to see you looking so well, after the fatigue you must, doubtless, have gone through from this long, and, alas for poor Ireland! last session of parliament."

"Fatigue indeed, you may well say, Mrs. O'Brien; it was warm work—warm work, indeed, to the very last moment; but I am richly repaid for all, as are doubtless others, by the result—by the bill, the glorious bill, that is to render this now distracted country a second paradise, having passed, in spite of all the opposition that was made to it—opposition, as if in framing it, it was for the purpose of having us given up to be devoured by England, instead of being taken under her paternal wing, as I observed to my friend, Dick M——, who was on the right side of the question, from his perfect knowledge of *politics*."

"Well, my love, I hope neither he nor

you, or any others concerned in the affair, will yet have reason to think, that in your view of politics, in this instance, you were mistaken."

"Oh! pooh! that is next to impossible, Mrs. O'Brien; and really I could not help being astonished at the astonishment which many of my friends and neighbours evinced at my advocating and supporting the bill with all my might and main, as I did; but when people allow themselves to be violently prejudiced, their understandings are of very little use to them."

"Very little indeed," assented the lady; "but now, my dear, that this grand affair of the union is irrevocably settled, I presume——"

"Irrevocably! Heaven forbid it should be otherwise!"

"I claim to know, what you have hitherto declined telling me, what are the advantages you deem likely to be derived from it?"

"Advantages! oh, innumerable! incal-

culable! such as I have not ability either to explain or enumerate; but time, time, my dear, will do this—time will better display and unfold to your view, than I could possibly do, the benefits resulting from it. When you see every man sitting at peace under the shade of his own fig-tree—when you behold the now-barren waste converted into a busy scene of population, through the active exertions of emulous industry——"

"I should indeed to see this, as the consequences of the union, be led to think it a blessed measure for the country; but I have my apprehensions that what you have predicted will not exactly be the result of it; for from the rank, and fortune, and fashion, that must now be drawn from the kingdom, it strikes me that there will be a great check given to industry, from the want of proper encouragement which this circumstance must occasion."

"There you are out, my dear—the very circumstance that you conceive must operate as a discouragement to industry, must

operate as an incentive to it, for in proportion as a man wants, he is generally supposed to be stimulated to exertion; and when the lower classes here find they have no longer indulgent landlords to fly to in all their necessities, they will naturally betake themselves to labour, and by being, as one may say, actually forced to it, for the relief of those wants, they will then have no one to turn to for the purpose but themselves—have no time for that plotting, and planning, and scheming, which has so long been the means of distracting this unhappy country; thus, as petted children, when they have no longer those at hand who helped to spoil them, become ——but, speaking of children, where is that rogue Donaghue, my dear?"

"Out with his playfellow Terence — had I been certain of your arrival, this morning, I should have kept him at home."

"Oh! I am glad you didn't—I shall see the rogue time enough; I hate to have children cooped up in a house more than is absolutely necessary. Exercise and air are

every thing for them—our boy wouldn't have been the fellow he is, if we hadn't brought him up in the hardy manner we have done; but indeed, in bringing him up, I always had in my eye the way in which the great Henry was brought up; and indeed, when I see him racing about the rocks, or boxing his companion, he often brings him to my recollection."

"As to that, my dear, he is not the only child that in this way might recall him to your mind; but I hope it will not always be merely through racing about the rocks, or boxing his playfellow, that he will recall him to your recollection."

"Oh, I have no fear of that — Donaghue is a child of promise, I assure you; I have great expectations both of and for him, for do you not perceive how attentive he is even already to me, when I am reading a newspaper?"

"Yes, especially if it is a horrible story you are reading, so much so, that his sleep has been more than once prevented by his fears of thieves breaking in, or ruffians

stealing from the closet in his chamber—but to revert to our subject——"

"Excuse me, my dear; but really I have had so much of argument lately, that I must have a little rest ere I can enter upon any thing of the kind again; yet to try and satisfy your mind, if no other comfort were derived from the union, would it not be one, the pretext it will furnish the landlord with for absenting himself, from time to time, from the craving, wrangling, troublesome set of beings, that, in the persons of his own tenantry, are continually hampering him, while he is within their reach. You must know, my love, the unhappy life I have, for some years past, led through mine—through their being convinced, while they had me on the spot to fly to, with their tale of pretended distress, I would never permit any thing to be done to them; so that you cannot wonder I should wish occasionally to be out of the way of hearkening to them, which I shall now, by being obliged to attend to my parliamentary duties in the other kingdom; and

which, when I once am, you'll find things will go on very differently; there will then be no excuses about rent, nor refusals to do the work they were bound to perform. As, for instance, if I wanted a little extra work done in a hurry, and sent that worthy attentive creature, who has my interest so much at heart, to get it done—you know who I mean, my dear?"

"I do," replied Mrs. O'Brien, with a sigh—"O'Callaghan."

"You are right, my dear; it was—'they'd be hang'd before they'd do any thing by the orders of such a spalpeen fellow'—that was the watchword amongst them—merely because the master being on the spot, as they call me, they would not pay attention to any one but him; thus frequently obliging me to take the trouble of mounting my horse, and riding amongst them, to enforce obedience in person to what I had commanded: but all this will be remedied when I am away, for then, from there being no one superior on the estate to order and direct them, they will

pay proper attention to my representative: and then, as a magistrate, how have I been tormented with their *rigmarole* complaints and nonsensical quarrels, often originating in disputes as to who was the best jig-dancer or hurler; and, by-the-bye, what will you say to that impudent foster-brother of yours, Mr. Maurice Shaughnessey, obtruding himself on me, with a tenant of Mr. O'Reilly's, just as I got within sight of the castle, notwithstanding the tired state he saw I was in, after so long a journey, under the pretext, to be sure, of welcoming me back to Altoir-na-Grenie, but, as it proved, from a very different motive?—'Faith, and I am glad your honour is come back,' he cried, 'for I wanted very badly to spake to your honour.'—'Well, not now,' I said, endeavouring to get Swiftfoot on, but which he prevented by laying hold of the bridle; 'I can hearken to no one now, or attend to any thing till I get home.'—'Troth, and it wont make the difference of a mi-

nute, your honour's stopping to listen to me,' was the reply; 'and not to be keeping your honour waiting—last night——' —'You mean the night before, Maurice,' interrupted his companion; and, by-the-bye, my love, I really seem to be a marked man among these people, never going to their own landlords for law, but always coming to me, which makes my case more deplorable than it might otherwise be.—'Faith and troth but you are right, Pat,' resumed Mr. O'Shaughnessey; 'I was going down the little boreen, your honour, the night before last, as Pat has said.'—'Yes, I have marks to make me remember that,' said Pat, laughing, and scratching his shoulder.—'When who should I meet,' went on O'Shaughnessey—'but first I must tell your honour that it was the little boreen that runs between the ould barn and your honour's garden—not the ould barn that fell down last winter, and a-top of which you built up the little new creatshure, but——'

'Why, what the devil signifies,' I

cried, out of all patience, 'which of the boreens, or what barn it was, if I must be stopped to listen to your nonsense?—come to the point at once, you rascal!' 'Yes, your honour, that's what I want to do,' said he; 'so as I was going down the boreen,' he went on, 'who should come up to me but Pat O'Sullivan there; and—"How are you, Maurice?" says he.—"Troth, I thank you kindly, but middling, Pat," says I—"And where are you going?" says he.—"Why then, upon my conscience, Pat," says I, "if you were after giving me a *tinpenny*, I couldn't be telling you, because I don't know myself."—"Oh ho! is that the way with you?" says he; "maybe I could guess—any how, what's that creeping along the hedge there?"—"One of Peter Finnerty's goats," says I.—"Ah! then Maurice," says he, "upon your conscience and sowl now, did you pass Norah's door to-night, without casting a sheep's eye at her?"—"Norah!" says I; "why then, Mr. Pat O'Sullivan, I think it might be Miss Norah in your

mouth."—"The devil you do!" says he; and so with that he up and gives me a thump in the cheek; upon which—"Is that what you are about?" cries I; and saying which I just gave him, your honour, the least taste of a tap in the world on the head, so how he managed to fall flat on the ground I can't tell, for I'll take my book oath ——'—'Ah! then be asy, Maurice, jewel, and don't be running away with the story all at one side, like the handle of a can,' here interrupted his antagonist; 'is it because the master's your landlord, and so you think you have him at your side, you are doing so? why, then, though I'm not his tenant, but squire Reilly's, I don't fear his doing me justice too; and so, your honour, to begin with my story,' proceeded Mr. Pat——'Tell me,' said I, now really no longer able to command myself, 'in one word, what is it you both want? or I'll give you both something for an addition to your stories, that you won't like,' —'Why, please your honour,' said that sly rascal, your brother, Mrs. O'Brien, as

I understand, from O'Callaghan, he takes the liberty of frequently styling himself, 'to send Pat here to gaol!'—'Modest request enough, Mr. Shaughnessey!' replied I; 'and pray, Mr. O'Sullivan, in what way may I have the pleasure of serving you?'—'By letting it alone, please your honour,' said he; 'for, faith, I've had enough of the business, as my lift side will bear token for many a day.'—'Why then, faith and troth,' cried the other, with evident delight at the thought, 'that's no lie, I believe, Pat. Well, after this, you'll remember it will be Miss Norah in your mouth!'—'If you don't get out of my way, this instant,' I now said, 'you two impudent rascals, the length, breadth, and weight of this horsewhip you shall immediately be made to know.' So off they both scampered; and I soon discovered, that the amusement afforded by putting his honour in a passion had made them make up their quarrel. But this is only one instance out of a thousand, of the way in which I am continually teazed and tor-

mented, and should continue to be so, if I were to remain here for ever."

"But why allow yourself to be detained in this manner?"

"Allow myself! when one rascal had hold of my bridle at one side, and the other at the other, and whenever I strove to get Swiftfoot forward in spite of them, Mr. Maurice kept stroking his nose, and crying—'Ah, then, Swiftfoot, boy! sure you wouldn't be galloping off, and leaving us in the lurch, before his honour has done us justice!"

"Their conduct was highly indecorous; but, (pardon the observation)—but really, my dear Mr. O'Brien, I cannot avoid thinking sometimes, that a greater reserve, a greater appearance of dignity, at your side, would prevent what you so justly complain of as unwarrantable liberties."

"As to that, my dear, no one gives it to them oftener than I."

"Yes, I know you frequently get into a passion with them, and that's what they exactly like, and wish, of course, to pro-

voke you to, because the result is always advantageous to them; but if you were to be more steady, you must excuse the suggestion, and less violent——"

"My dear, I readily excuse any suggestion of yours, because I know you never say any thing that you do not conceive to be for the best, and believe to be the case; but Job himself could not retain his coolness amongst such people. Scarce had I freed myself from Mr. Maurice and his companion, when, as I was passing the house of Dempsey—Dempsey the schoolmaster, you know, my dear—out he bolted, with a shout resembling an Indian war-whoop, followed by his whole train of ragged colts, that, if a little older, would certainly have almost tempted one to imagine there had been a resurrection of Falstaff's regiment; and placing himself exactly before my horse, under the pretence of wanting to know something more about the union than the papers had given him to understand, intercepted me just in the same way the others had done.

—'Well, Mr. Dempsey,' I said, striving to bridle my temper, because learning, like age, claims respect, 'I am happy to see you well, but really cannot give you the particulars you require now, as I am greatly fatigued with my journey, and impatient besides to get home, after so long an absence.' Upon which the truth came out—it was to ask a little favour indeed he took the liberty of stopping me —'But first, to explain to your honour what has obligated me to ask it,' he began; 'the last time I was going to market, just as I got within sight of the shabeen house I frequent, I met an ould acquaintance; at least so I thought, and so it proved, for I was not sure at first; but, after looking him full in the face for a minute, says I— "If Ned Haven is alive, you are the man." —"Why, upon my word, you may say that, Mr. Dempsey," cries he; "and right glad am I to have lived to have the pleasure of seeing you again."—"Ah, then, Ned," says I, shaking hands with him, "where, in the name of St. Patrick, have you

been hiding yourself these hundred years?" —"Why then, indeed, Mr. Dempsey," says he, "that's more nor I could be after telling you; for, I don't suppose, that, for these last three years, I have ever slept two nights together in the same place."—'I suspect, your honour—for Ned is a clever fellow——'—'Yes, clever enough, I dare say,' I cried, 'to have got his neck into a halter, if it could be discovered what he has been shifting his quarters about in this manner. But pray proceed with your story, Mr. Dempsey, for really I cannot be kept on the road in this manner.' —'Well, your honour, I won't delay you another minute. So, as I was saying, or going to say,' he resumed, 'for ould acquaintance sake, Ned and I agreed to go into the shabeen house, and take a glass of poteen together; and, to be sure, the very best poteen in the whole county is got in that same house; and there we sat and drank—talked, I mean—till I got quite light-headed; for talking much always makes me light-headed; and so, to be

sure, it was owing to that I lost all the money I had about me; for when I got to the market, the devil a farthing had I in pocket or fob; so I was obliged to return as I went, without the turnip seed I went to buy, for the little morsel of ground I have behind the cabin. I made up my mind to wait for it till your honour came back, and gave me an order to get it from the steward.'—'Why, then, upon my word, Mr. Dempsey,' says I, 'I believe you'll wait long enough for that order, after what you have told me. A pretty thing for me, a magistrate, to be told that my tenants are running about the country, in quest of illicit spirits, and thus defrauding the king of his just revenue! Now do you know how I could serve you and your friend, that keeps the shabeen house?'—'Faith and troth, your honour,' he replied, with the greatest confidence, 'I am sure if you couldn't serve us, you'd scorn to hurt us.'—'Now don't be so sure of that, Mr. Dempsey,' I resumed; 'please to recollect,

that I am bound upon oath, as a magistrate, to render fair play to his majesty, as well as his subjects; and that, therefore, if I were now to do my duty, I would lodge an information against the owner of the shabeen house, and oblige you, and your friend, Mr. Haven, to prove the fact of the poteen!'—'Oh, *botheration!*' exclaimed the impudent rascal, 'if a descendant of the great king, Brian Boru, goes against the freedom of the subject, there's an end to every thing! But,' softening his tone a little, 'I am not to get the turnip seed then, your honour?'—'Not a grain, Mr. Dempsey, after what you acquainted me with, on your own account; but for the sake of your wife, and for her's alone, as I know her to be rather a delicate woman, and that she may therefore sometimes like turnips, instead of potatoes, you may go up to the castle, and get what you want."

Mrs. O'Brien smiled.—"Well, my dear, your patience was certainly tried."

"Tried! yes, I believe you'll allow that,

Mrs. O'Brien, before I have done. Well, now I thought there was an end of any farther waylaying, as I may call it, when who should rise up before me like a ghost, in the dark part of the long gateway of the castle, where, having heard of my arrival, she had placed herself to watch for me, but Nelly Rooney.—'And are you come back?' she cried, clasping her hands in agony and distraction; 'are you come back safe and alive to us? 'Tis we that are ruined, and undone, and lost, since you left us!' and she screamed so loud, she was near frightening Swiftfoot himself, and it's no childish play will do that; he cocked his ears, suddenly stopped, snorted, and, as that devil of a woman advanced, performed a retrograde movement. —'Ah, then, Nelly dear!' I cried, trying, out of respect to her sex, to curb my anger, 'have you entirely lost your senses since I left Altoir-na-Grenie?'—'To be sure I have,' she replied; 'and didn't I know I should when you went away—for didn't I know then there would be no one

to save us from wrong and robbery!'—'Well, but, Nelly, my dear girl,' I observed, 'can't you tell me your injuries without frightening my horse, and putting my neck in jeopardy?"

"My dear Mr. O'Brien, how could you make so free with that woman?"

"Is it with Nelly Rooney? Why she's old enough to be my mother!"

"I know nothing of her age—'tis the freedom of language I allude to. Ignorant people always presume upon that—'Nelly, my dear!' and 'my dear girl!'

"You may easily form an idea how old Nelly is, when she was the person who received me in her arms on my coming roaring into this troublesome world."

"Well, if you roared then, she returned the compliment to-day, by your account."

"Upon my word, that is very well of you, Mrs. O'Brien!—'Ah! please your honour,' said poor Nelly; indeed she seemed in great tribulation; 'it's all over with me—Kathleen is gone, stolen, destroyed, or carried away! Kathleen, that

I built so much on—that cost me so much —but still I expected so much by; and what will become of me! what will become of me!'—'Bless my heart, Nelly,' I replied, 'I am indeed sorry to hear this, Kathleen was so handsome a creature, and appeared so good too; but have you no suspicion?'—'Oh, yes, your honour!' she eagerly answered, 'and that's what I am come to your honour about. Tim Carthy, the barony constable, told me to ask your honour for a bit of a search-warrant, and promises, for a *tinpenny*, to find her out.' —'But, my good woman,' I said, 'for the sake of her reputation, if you could make up the matter——'—'Her reputation, your honour!' she uttered with a scream; 'why who does your honour think I am speaking about?'—'Who! why your daughter, to be sure,' I replied.—'Och hone!' with another scream, 'is it my daughter! But this comes of my husband giving our pig the same name, whether I would or no; because, he said, as they were both alike handsome, in their way, they should

both be named alike.'—'And so it's about your pig you have stopped and detained me all this while! Really, Mrs. Rooney,' I said, no longer attempting to disguise my displeasure, 'I am very much surprised at you!'—'Well, but your honour will grant the warrant?' she demanded, seeming to care very little for my displeasure.—'No, Mrs. Rooney, I cannot permit the whole parish to be molested or disturbed about your pig; therefore, except you can positively swear to some one——'—'Oh, your honour, so I can!' she eagerly answered; 'I told your honour I suspected some one—squire Reilly, I have a shrewd guess, has got——' 'What, my friend, and respectable neighbour! Do you know what you are saying, Mrs. Rooney?'—'Oh yes, your honour!' she replied, 'I know well enough; but it's not the first time your honour has been deceived in people. However, that's no matter—I suspect he has taken up the poor creatshure out of spite, because, the other day, when he threatened he'd pound

all the pigs he found in the road, I told him, the king's high road was open to all his majesty's subjects alike!'—'You did ——' But I won't teaze you, my dear, by any more complaints of what I endured, or have been enduring this some time. But there's an end of all this now; I shall now be eased of all further cares and troubles."

"In what way, my dear?" asked Mrs. O'Brien, anxiously.

"In what way! I really should have conceived that question unnecessary. By taking up our abode, to be sure, for some years at least to come, in the sister kingdom. There being now an end to the Irish parliament, we are all at liberty to reside where we please; and I do not want the representations that have been made me on the subject, to convince me thoroughly that every thing will be better managed by my being away than remaining here, since, from my not being on the spot to hearken to them, there will then be an end to these excuses that these tenants of

mine are continually making, about one thing or another, to my very great detriment, I assure you."

"But are you certain that the person who has made the representations to you, you have alluded to, has done so from disinterested motives?"

"You cannot offend me, Mrs. O'Brien, by any thing you can say, or else perhaps I might feel myself a little hurt at your supposing I could be influenced by these, if I did not believe them disinterested; but I have the highest opinion of the integrity of O'Callaghan, for I perfectly comprehend at whom the suspicion glances; but could he give a greater proof of what his principles are, than by renouncing the profession of an attorney, to which he was brought up?"

"Why, there are others on which I should quite as much depend," replied Mrs. O'Brien; "but I hope, my dear O'Brien, you will re-consider your plan. No one can more dislike a distrustful tem-

per than I do; but there are limits to confidence; and when property, and the interests of others are concerned, we should be very cautious how we place it. As long as you continue in parliament, you may, or must, occasionally reside in the other kingdom; but except when your legislative duties demand your being there, I should conceive it more to your advantage to be at home, and paying attention to your affairs in person."

"By no means, my dear; and I thought I had explained why; and in short, my dear Mrs. O'Brien, in order to prevent painful arguments or expostulations at either side, I determined not to mention what my plan was to you, till I had fully weighed and considered it, and which, having done, I must hope and expect no farther effort will be made to induce me to relinquish it."

Mrs. O'Brien, with deep regret, now saw that such an effort would be useless, and therefore wisely decided on not teasing either him or herself by it. She clear-

ly perceived that for the present nothing could turn him from what he had decided on, and that nothing therefore remained for her, but to try and make it as little injurious to him as possible.—" Well, my dear, since you really have made up your mind about leaving your home for some years, how," she began, " are our affairs to be managed in our absence?"

" Oh, of course, by being given up to the control of O'Callaghan."

" Not entirely—not without some check upon him, I trust! In a word, Mr. O'Brien, you may wonder, or be displeased at the confession, but really I must acknowledge I have not that high opinion of him —that exalted confidence in him, that you have. His story of having given up the profession, or rather trade of an attorney, as it may be more justly termed, for conscience sake, is really too ridiculous to be attended to. Those who profess most, I always distrust most; for when conscious of no double meaning in our minds, we

are generally satisfied to let our actions speak for us."

"Well, Mrs. O'Brien, though I am grieved that a woman of your superior mind should give way to so degrading a feeling as mistrust, yet to show you that, as far as is in my power, I wish to render you happy, and evince the high deference I pay to your opinion, there shall be a check on O'Callaghan, and he shall be acquainted with it, for my tenantry shall, at all times, have access to me by letter; and, depend upon it, if they state any grievance, or represent any thing that is likely to be injurious, either to themselves or me, it shall be inquired into."

"That is a very good plan," said Mrs. O'Brien; "the only point is, how it can be carried into effect; for I doubt much if, among the lower classes of your tenantry, and it's for them I feel and am speaking, that there is one who can either read or write; therefore what benefit could these poor, ignorant, innocent beings derive from it? Nevertheless, I admire the

humanity that suggested it; and it grieves me to think so liberal and so kind a master should——"

"Well, well, Mrs. O'Brien," a little impatiently interrupted Mr. O'Brien, "Dempsey shall immediately be set to teach them all to read and write, so *that* matter shall be rectified."

"What! teach old men and women, who are obliged to labour all day for a morsel of food, and not only for themselves, but perhaps half a dozen miserable children!"

"I protest I forgot that; but how can a man possibly remember every thing? No, I see now that would never do. But I will tell you what shall be done in place of it, for I will make your mind easy if I can—Dempsey shall be appointed secretary to the cotters of Altoir-na-Grenie, with a sufficient allowance for such extra work. Every Saturday night he shall hold his court in the king's dining-room, for the purpose of hearing all complaints, against the next day, being an idle one

with him, his dancing, hurling, and ball-playing days being all over; and the court being broke up, every man shall have a noggin of good whiskey, to drink our healths and Donaghue's in, with a pipe of tobacco and a box of snuff to comfort their hearts, after the recapitulation of their grievances, should any indeed exist."

Mrs. O'Brien cast her eyes, swimming in tears of delight, upon her husband—"And why," she internally sighed, "is this generous, this benevolent heart at the mercy of the avaricious and designing?"

Again she tried to argue the point with him, but in vain; and grieved as she was at his unfortunate determination to fly, as it almost seemed, the land of his forefathers, at a juncture when it struck her that the continuance of the landholders on their estates was absolutely essential to the interests of the country, still she could not help being amused with his having a remedy for every objection she could start to the project.

Mr. O'Brien did not want for a good,

plain understanding, but, like too many of his countrymen, had given himself up so totally to habits of indolence, that we may fairly assert, his thinking faculties seemed more to belong to others than to himself. This, as ever must be the case, was constantly taken advantage of by the selfish and artful, to turn to their own advantage. There was an intimate acquaintance, or friend—but all poor O'Brien's acquaintances were considered as friends by him—the Mr. M—— mentioned by him to Mrs. O'Brien. This man had very good reasons for wishing the measure of the union to be brought about, and accordingly exerted all the influence he possessed for the purpose of accomplishing it. Unfortunately it so happened that there were none over whom he possessed a larger share than over O'Brien, through the profound respect which he entertained for him on the score of politics—a proof he did not understand them very well himself, as, had that been the case, his opinion of Mr. M—— would certainly have been

rather different from what it was—being considered more in the light of a buffoon than any thing else by those who made him their tool. The reasons he assigned for the measure he was so truly interested about effecting, were so plausible, that poor O'Brien, who was always satisfied with one side of the question, entirely surrendered his judgment to him, and, of course, readily pledged himself in the way that was required.

His paternal inheritance was a noble one, but certainly had not been improved since it had come into his possession; and some little embarrassments, the consequences of indolence and inattention, rendered him extremely well pleased with the pretext with which the union, he conceived, would furnish him, to Mrs. O'Brien, for taking up his residence, for some years to come, in the sister kingdom; his steward, O'Callaghan, who had obtained, in one way, pretty much the same influence over him that his friend M—— had in another, having assured him, that if he were once

out of the way, he would not only undertake, in the course of a short time, to completely retrieve his affairs for him, but, by the plans he had formed for the improvement of his property, which by his not being on the spot to appeal to, he should, despite of all the opposition that might be made to them, be enabled to carry into effect, nearly double the value of his estate.

To have wealth flow in upon him, without any exertion of his own, was exactly what Mr. O'Brien liked; and he accordingly consented to give up his property as entirely to the management and control of his steward O'Callaghan, as he had his political feelings and principles to his friend M——. Nothing else but indolence, indeed, and credulity, the consequence of it, could have induced so national a man as he was, to have assisted in voting away the independence of his country, and then suffered himself to be induced to abandon it. He gloried indeed in the name of Irishman, never for a moment forgetting

the reason he had to be proud of it, from his being a descendant of the illustrious Brien Boru, king of Munster, who, according to an Irish historian, "fought in person, and won more battles than Julius Cæsar, and at last fell in the battle of Clontarf, fighting gloriously for the liberty of his country against the Danes;" and of whom it has been further observed, "that, like Alfred, he was no less a patron of arts than arms."

Mr. O'Brien was early left his own master; but neither the liberty which this circumstance gave him to act as he pleased, nor the natural imprudence of his disposition, ever allowed him for a moment to meditate forming an alliance unworthy of him, that is, with a person not as illustriously descended as himself; fortune, he cared not about it—it was a vulgar object, below the consideration of a person with royal blood in their veins; but birth was not to be dispensed with, and in the charming Miss Grace O'Donaghue, whose beauty captivated his eye and enchanted his heart the

moment he beheld her, he was happy to find what he required, the young lady being descended in a right line, as was incontrovertibly proved to his satisfaction, from O'Donaghue, lord, by descent, of the lakes, but known in after times by the title of king, and the remains of whose ancient castle still stand on the island of Ross, in the famous lakes of Killarney.

We are warned against acts of supererogation, and Miss O'Donaghue's aunt, the person who brought her up, by not attending to this warning, had nearly marred the advancement of her relation's fortune; for finding the lover so charmed with the proof already adduced of the royal descent of the fair lady, she thought it would not be amiss if she could lay claim to further admiration on the same score; and accordingly, from a sudden recollection that occurred, set herself to search amongst some musty old papers, that had lain long enough by to have certainly rendered them invaluable in the eyes of an antiquarian, for the proofs of

what was requisite for the purpose, and which, having found and copied, were submitted to Mr. O'Brien on his next visit, not without an anticipation of the rapture he would experience, at seeing, by them, that his fair mistress was also a descendant of Cormac M'Culinan, at once archbishop and king of Cashell, as well as of the great O'Donaghues; and of which circumstance she had every reason to be equally proud, this Cormac being celebrated by all the Irish historians for his learning, piety, and valour, and writing a history of his own country, known by the name of "The Psalter of Cashell," still extant, and containing the most authentic account we have of the annals of the country down to the year 900.

With sparkling eyes, these invaluable papers, from the consequences anticipated from them, were put into the hands of Mr. O'Brien, who, on learning what they were, received them with equal pleasure, and immediately, by the desire of the lady, set about their perusal. But, as he pro-

ceeded, his looks altered, or rather he read, and read, and read, as if he was considering, or at a loss to comprehend something. Well, this might be owing to the writing not being perfectly legible, for of whatever the old lady might be vain or proud, she certainly was not of her performance this way; and accordingly she at length ventured to suggest that he probably could not entirely make out her terrible scrawl.

"Oh, perfectly, ma'am—perfectly!" replied Mr. O'Brien; "it is not that that puzzles me. But am I really to understand that it is wanted to be proved that your niece is also a descendant, in a right line, from king Cormac M'Culinan?"

"Oh, dear me, sir; surely, we are descended in a right line from him, as well as from the lord of the lakes—king O'Donaghue!"

"I am sorry, madam, to be obliged to differ with you on a matter of such importance, but it appears to me that that could not be the case."

"As how, sir? as how, pray?" demanded the old lady, in extreme agitation.

"Why, ma'am, king M'Culinan was a bishop, and we all know the Romish clergy were never permitted to marry."

"Well, sir."

"Well, madam, it therefore follows that either there must be some mistake in what has been transmitted to posterity, or else, pardon me hurting your feelings, as I am sure I must do by the observation, that the descent of the O'Donaghues from Cormac was a thing not to be boasted of!"

"A fig, sir," exclaimed the old lady, in extreme agitation, "for his not having been permitted to marry! You forget, sir, that he was a king as well as a bishop; and where was the pope, I should be glad to know, who would refuse to let a bishop, that was a king, do as he pleased? But supposing, my good sir, for the sake of argument, it were——"

But Mr. O'Brien begged leave to decline any further discussion of the point

at present, and abruptly rising, took his leave, leaving the old lady in great tribulation, at having, as she feared, overshot the mark.

Mr. O'Brien was indeed extremely disconcerted at the idea of there being any blot in the escutcheon of his bride, which must be the case, if the fact of Miss O'Donaghue's being descended from king Cormac could be proved. While meditating on the subject, he was surprised by his friend Dick M——, who perceiving something was amiss, rested not till he had discovered what it was; and by the dint of raillery, and representing to him that as the lady was not an heiress, and of course there would be no quartering of arms, what he disliked to think of need never be known, induced him to expedite the enjoyment of the happiness he anticipated from his union with the fair Grace.

The offspring of this union were three children, two of whom died in their infancy, leaving O'Donaghue in the undivided possession of his parents' affection.

The ardent attachment of Mr. O'Brien to his wife never knew diminution; but, unhappily for him, her wishing to stimulate him to a very different line of conduct to that he pursued, prevented her influence over him being as great as might from this attachment have been expected. This was exemplified with regard to his removal to England, which no arguments or entreaties of hers could prevent; and in the imprudence of which measure he, both then and since, had but too many to countenance him.

"It is attempted to be argued by some persons," observes a patriotic nobleman, writing on the causes that have produced the impoverishment of Ireland, "that the absence of the landed proprietors has no injurious effect—that whether they live in Dublin or London is equally advantageous to the country. It is calculated that about three-fourths of the landed proprietors of Ireland live out of it, to whom six millions of money are annually remitted; how, then, can it be said, that it is the same

thing to the labouring poor, their landlords living on their estates or in London!"

One great advantage, if no other, would accrue from the residence, for a certain time, of the landed interest on their estates—their presence would keep their tenants together, and thus frustrate the wicked schemes of those wretches, who are prowling about to take advantage of the idle and discontented. Let us hope therefore, now the error is discovered, which they committed in forsaking their properties, that it will be rectified, and a certain time apportioned to spending in their native country—when over its now-solitary and almost deserted fields we may once more hear the carol of the blooming milkmaid, and cheerful whistle of the ploughboy, because contented; and, in due time, again see this ancient land of religion, science, and song, uprear its head with crested pride amongst other nations.

On the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien in London, a house was taken in one of the fashionable squares, and an establish-

ment provided, suitable to their rank and fortune; but it was a severe mortification to Mr. O'Brien to see the rank and fortune that in his own country were thought so much of, here, comparatively, little regarded, and frequently overshadowed by the still more dashing equipages and brilliant establishments of persons in trade, such as he had been brought up to hold in no kind of estimation. Such, however, must be the case, in a country where property is for ever in a state of fluctuation, from its commerce and trade.

Time, considered and calculated on, either in expectation or even progression, appears formidable; but that spent is as nothing. We are therefore often surprised when we are told such and such events have taken place (not immediately taking into consideration the many years they occupied); such at least was the case with Mr. O'Brien, on his son's return from the university of Oxford, when his studies completed, a finished young man of elegance and fashion, whom it seemed as if

it was but the day before he had been playing his childish tricks upon his knee, stood before him. It was impossible for any being to be more calculated to gratify parental pride than was O'Donaghue: his figure was remarkably fine, tall, and commanding, his countenance full of intelligence, and his mind strong and comprehensive; there was a native ease and elegance about him, that imparted a charm to every movement, and rendered him distinguished even in the most fashionable society.

With such advantages, natural and acquired, and the son of a reputed man of fortune, it is but natural to suppose his reception in this society was of the most flattering description. He soon became "the observed of all observers;" was copied by his own sex, caressed, and even followed, by the other, and, in short, allowed to be one of the most dashing and tonish young men of the day.

At a very early period of life, it has sometimes been considered a disadvantage

to a young man to stand extremely high in public estimation, from the erroneous idea it is calculated to excite, of there being no further necessity for improvement. This was not exactly the case with O'Donaghue —he had a natural taste for the elegant researches of literature; but still the ill consequences of such notoriety were not unfelt by him—it had gradually the effect of rendering him vain, conceited, arrogant in his expectations, and fastidious and presumptuous in his notions; while the scenes it led him into, from the false ambition it excited, too often betrayed him into errors, that in the cool moments of returning reflection he at once blushed for and regretted: but his feelings were ardent, his nature extremely susceptible, and to have resisted temptation, the surest method would have been to have avoided it.

Amongst the fair creatures who distinguished him, the one he most distinguished was lady Jane Boyle, the daughter of the earl of Dunbrody, an Irish peer, as his title announces; and such were the

allurements of her ladyship, that though Donaghue had gradually been taught by his fashionable associates to think with dislike of matrimony at present, he would have resigned his liberty for the sake of possessing her, but for the interference of his family, his father quite ridiculing the idea of his marrying so young, and his mother having very different views for him. This interference was rather a disagreeable circumstance to the lady, as she had not quite so much time to lose as he had, and was not without fears, besides, of eventually losing him, if their union was much longer delayed.

The world conceived Mr. O'Brien a happy man, but his heart in secret gave the lie to the assertion. Too late he began to discover the error he had committed in flying from his native land, and that had he taken his wife's advice in that serious affair, as well as in many others, his circumstances would have been very different to what he now beheld them. To confess we have relied too much on our own judg-

ment, and ask advice we before sneered at, is a humiliation that requires no little strength of mind to submit to. Mr. O'Brien possessed not sufficient for the purpose; he wished to consult Mrs. O'Brien on the ruin he saw impending, but false pride stepped in and checked this prudent wish. How could he, her lord and master, after having so long managed his affairs, without deigning to impart them to her, now condescend to what must bring reproach upon him, and prove he had no pretensions to the sense or judgment he had arrogated to himself? No—the idea was not endurable; and rather than incur such mortification, he preferred going on as he had begun, and giving order after order to O'Callaghan, to raise money in any way he could for him, either by bond or mortgage.

Within the last three years, from O'Callaghan's account, no rents were forthcoming, or at least hardly any; the chief support Mr. O'Brien had, therefore, arose from borrowed money, the weight of which

was so great, that the back of poor Altoir-na-Grenie was nearly broke.

Mrs. O'Brien, a clear-headed sensible woman, had for some time had her doubts that all was not going on right in Ireland, for though Mr. O'Brien scrupulously concealed his affairs from her, and exerted himself to appear careless and happy, whenever he imagined himself unobserved, it was evident to her his mind was a prey to some secret disquietude. This conviction made her strenuous, at last, in pressing upon him the necessity of visiting their native land, not only for the purpose of inspecting their affairs, but giving O'Donaghue an insight into them, and perfect knowledge of their property there, in case of any sudden accident; but Mr. O'Brien uniformly shrunk in alarm from the proposition, knowing, if he acquiesced in it, the exposure he dreaded must take place; and in order to try and turn his son from such a visit, although so national a man, he began, from the moment he discovered Mrs. O'Brien had it in con-

templation, to take every opportunity of endeavouring to prejudice him against the country, representing it as a place from which every person of respectability had fled since the union, leaving it in possession of a set of beings, who, neither the one thing nor the other, still disgusted by their impudent assumption of consequence; while the land was rude and uncultivated, the tenantry lawless, and the common people, in short, no better than a set of wild savages, ready to start into rebellion on the slightest imaginary provocation.

In vain Mrs. O'Brien tried to counteract the prejudice thus excited in the mind of her son against the land of his nativity, strengthened and confirmed as was all his father said by lady Jane Boyle, as well as many other fashionable and ungrateful absentees from the country; but at length, in spite of prejudice, she succeeded in prevailing on her son, over whose mind indeed she justly possessed a very powerful influence, to consent to accompany her on a visit to it; but no persuasions could do

more than induce Mr. O'Brien to promise to follow, from a hope that, if any thing could keep from them the knowledge that must prove so disagreeable, it would be his not being on the spot to hearken to complaints.

Lady Jane Boyle heard of this intended visit with infinite discomposure; and but that she did not like to have the report respecting her and O'Donaghue yet confirmed, lest it should be the means of depriving her of other admirers she might have reason to regret, she would certainly have accompanied Mrs. O'Brien, though she abhorred what she called her sermonizing.

As much as possible, however, she strove to guard against any thing unpleasant from it, by doing all in her power to prejudice the mind of Donaghue against the people he would meet in the neighbourhood; with which, from her father's estate lying in that part of the kingdom, she was well acquainted; protesting, with

the exception of the Magennis family, there was not a being there that was endurable.—"But *ma mere* must not hear what I have said," she cried, "for I know it would be little short of high treason, in her opinion, she is so bigoted to this sweet land of blunders, and so anxious to get you settled there; and, *entre nous*, have you ever heard of her plan for the purpose?"

"No, I know of no plan but what she has avowed."

"Indeed! then, to enlighten your ignorance, she's long had it in contemplation, as a means of inducing you to settle there, to bring about a match between you and the daughter of her friends, the Erins, people quite of her own nationality. Ay, you may look incredulous, but it is as I have stated; and when you go over, you'll find, from the dead set that will be made at you, that I am correct. Your mother's motives for desiring the connexion are very pure and disinterested, I am sure; but so much cannot be said for those at

the other side, since, whatever the other attractions of the young lady may be, she certainly wants that very essential one of fortune, and is, besides, related to so numerous a clan, that the man who weds her might be said to wed more than half the wild savages of the kingdom; but your mother will not see any of the disadvantages that must attend such an union, she's so romantically attached to Mrs. Erin, her early friend, one of the most artful women, I suppose, in existence; so smooth-tongued and so——"

"And her daughter?" interrupted Donaghue.

"Oh, you are curious about her!" exclaimed her ladyship, in a tone of pique.

"Why, yes, it is but natural I should be so, when I don't know," provokingly laughing, "but she may be my fate."

"Impertinent!" cried her ladyship, pushing away his arm from the back of her chair, on which it had been resting, "I have a mind not to say another word.

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But you have heard of the stone city in Arabia?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, Miss Eveleen Erin, whom, with her papa and mamma, I saw two or three years ago here, when your being absent from home prevented your having a similar pleasure, looks exactly as if she belonged to it, she's so stiff, and so precise, and so, in short, almost immovable."

"Charming!" exclaimed Donaghue, in an affected transport; "I see I must get a seven-fold shield to guard my heart against the powerful attractions of such a being."

"Ay, you may laugh as you please; but, for all that, you'll find yourself in more danger from her than you are aware of; for all this will be represented as propriety of conduct, and delicacy, and refinement of mind; and so——"

"I may as well let the net be drawn over me without any struggling," said Donaghue; "but, no, I swear not, by the best arrow in Cupid's bow! for," seizing

her hand, and fastening his eyes upon her really expressive face—

" Give me a woman, in whose striking mien,
A mind, a soul, a polish'd air, is seen;
Whose motion speaks, whose slightest gesture move—
Such are the darts to wound with endless love."

In what she had related relative to Miss Erin, lady Jane was certainly not incorrect; that is, as far as it respected Mrs. O'Brien's wish for a union between her and her son. The two mothers had been educated together, and grown up, with a sisterly attachment for each other; and it had early been the wish of their hearts, that this friendship might be still further strengthened and confirmed, by the union of their children. It was their determination, however, that this wish should not transpire till the parties had met; somehow or other, however, either through surmise or inadvertence, it became known; though, from Donaghue's residing aloof from those who spoke of it, he remained in ignorance of it, till lady Jane, good-naturedly, enlightened him on the subject.

People of the world, like her ladyship, might indeed have supposed Mrs. Erin had some other motive for it, than the one assigned; Mr. Erin, from having disobliged his connexions by his marriage with her, being unable to give his daughter any thing of consequence, while Donaghue was still generally supposed to be heir to a handsome property. Of being actuated by merely mercenary views, she was, however, incapable; though it would be ridiculous to assert, that the idea of Donaghue being a man of fortune did not render her still more pleased, than she might even otherwise have been, at the thought of her daughter's obtaining his regard.

On the contrary, Mrs. O'Brien, but this through ignorance of the real state of her husband's affairs, was rendered still more solicitous for the connexion, from the very circumstance of Miss Erin wanting a fortune, through the delight she took in the idea of the child of her dear friend, her adopted sister, being happily established

in life through her means. She knew Miss Erin was attached to her own country, and, of course, well inclined to remain in it; and the advantages that were likely, from these circumstances, to accrue to Donaghue, and all connected with him, from an early union with her, rendered her most anxious to effect it.

Her solicitude for this was still farther heightened, by the dread she was under of his otherwise forming one every way hateful to her imagination, aware, as she was, of the influence a lovely and youthful wife was likely to obtain over him, from his ardent temperament; and that, consequently, his future weal or wo, his respectability or degradation, in life, in a great measure depended on the kind of woman he married; for, had his father possessed but half his sensibility, she knew she never should have appealed to him in vain.

But her wish for the introduction of the young people now to each other, without any farther delay, was nearly disappointed, by Mr. Erin's receiving a letter, that re-

quired his setting off for the Continent, just after her intended visit to Ireland was announced, and his deciding on taking his wife and daughter with him. Through the persuasions of the former, however, who knew how terribly her friend would be disappointed, if he persevered in his resolution of being accompanied by both, he was induced to change it, with regard to his daughter, more especially as the business on which he was going was of a melancholy nature, and who, accordingly, was sent down from Dublin, where they principally resided, to his brother's, a few miles distant from Altoir-na-Grenie.

In the latter end of May, that sweetest of all the sweet months, when the verdure of spring is just beginning to be enriched with the glowing tints of summer, the travellers set sail for Ireland, and landing at Howth, after a short delay in the capital, proceeded on their destination.

When predisposed to find fault, opportunities are seldom wanting for the indulgence of the inclination. Donaghue, as

they proceeded in their journey, saw much to censure, but nothing to admire; in short, so abhorrent was he of the idea of settling in the country, from the prejudice excited in his mind against it, that he resolved to lose no opportunity of letting his mother see it was useless to hope it, and, accordingly, perversely closed his eyes against what otherwise he might have admired, or been amused with. But this affected apathy only lasted till they came in sight of their destination; when the scenery that, with all the suddenness of surprise, burst upon his enchanted vision, threw him completely off his guard, and called forth expressions that convinced his mother he must, at least for a moment, cease longer to wonder at her regret for the abandonment of such a place, or wish for its re-occupation.

CHAPTER II.

"Many a voice, and many a harp, in tuneful sounds, arose within its walls; and, sometimes, on the lovely sound was heard the names of its race of heroes."

ALTOIR-na-Grenie stands upon a high promontory, overlooking the sea; its situation adds dignity to its appearance, and, in ancient times, must have rendered it an impregnable fortress. The castle consists of two courts, defended by gates, surmounted by towers, the outer one furnished with a portcullis, and bearing marks of having formerly been a prison, from the deep dark dungeons underneath it. Long before the generation now spoken of, its ancient towers had begun to exhibit marks of the devastations of time, in addition to those made on them by war and other circumstances, for many were the furious assaults that, according to the records of the

family, they had sustained; but now the long grass streamed, the purple thistle shook its down to the wind, and the moss whistled in the breeze, where the banner of the conquering hero had once floated, or the beacon been kindled, to give warning to the sept of a coming foe. Yet, on these ruins, the eye, perhaps, rested with more delight, from the pleasing exercise they gave the imagination, than it would have done on the most magnificent structure of modern days; for in every breeze that sighs amidst these decaying piles, we seem to hear the voice of other days; and where is the soul that feels not a pleasing dread at the idea?

A staircase winds up to the top of the castle, off of which are numerous apartments and galleries, all indicative of the taste of other times. On the left is a very noble one, ornamented with a series of escutcheons, displaying the principal quarterings and intermarriages of the family to whom the place belongs. Adjoining this is a state drawing-room, whence a

passage through a banqueting-hall conducts to a breakfast-room over the gateway, with closets fitted up as repositories for work and books, and connecting it with other private apartments. At the other side is the library, a spacious apartment, containing, over the cases for the books, portraits of many of the great men of this ancient family, as also a tolerable collection of books; but what was most valued in it, and considered indeed beyond all price, was a manuscript written by Brien Boru himself, in the Ogham character; one in particular, on the wars and antiquities of the Irish, down to the year 1013, a short time before the battle of Clontarf, where he fell, after obtaining a complete victory.

From this, through the cloisters of a narrow court, you proceed to the dilapidated chapel, communicating with other ranges of apartments it would be tedious to describe. We must not, however, omit to speak of one, called the king's public dining-room. This is a hall of immense

length, with an elevation at the upper end, on which stands a chair of state, surmounted by a gallery for music, with folding doors beneath, leading into the interior of the building, and hung with crimson draperies, to let down at pleasure. Between the high painted windows hangs many a curious banner and helmet. But what, beyond any thing, attracts and fixes the attention of a stranger, is the portrait of Boru over the fire-place, with a representation of the battle of Clontarf in the background, the hotly pursuing Irish, and the flying Danes.

In the days of king Brien, when might was right, we may naturally suppose, had that monarch considered one spot more pleasing than another, he would have fixed on it for the erection of his castle—Altoir-na-Grenie, so named from an altar of the sun said to have stood upon the spot, being, according to tradition, built by him, though considerably enlarged by succeeding generations; we must therefore ei-

ther conclude that all places were alike to him, or else, that the security of the situation he chose for this residence, made amends, in his opinion, for its bleakness in winter. This bleakness however can, at no season, prevent the eye from being delighted by its grand and varied scenery.

As you approach the building, a somewhat dreary prospect is presented to the view, the hills in its immediate vicinity being clothed with heath, or harrowed into frightful fissures by the fury of the mountain torrents, that in winter pour impetuously down them, and permitting but a scanty vegetation, scarce sufficient for the browsage of a few sheep, seem, even in the little dales into which they stray, to carry melancholy along with them. But the view from the castle itself, elevated so as to command a vast extent of country, affords a prospect as delightful as this is cold and poor.

Over a rocky foreground, you look upon verdant meadows, some prettily dispersed

farm houses, grassy plains, and little shades of arbutus, all enchanting, from the contrasting deformity of other spots.

On the right hand a mountain rises, hiding its grey head and naked brow in clouds; where, for ages, according to tradition, a family of eagles here dwelt; the sides are barren rocks, but here and there variegated by shrubs, starting from their chinks, and casting a tint of green over the grey surface; towards the lower part are some curious intrenchments, or ancient Irish forts, with several pyramidical stones, supposed to be sepulchral ones; and, indeed, it is on record in the castle, that a great battle once took place in its vicinity, between the Leinster and Munster men, in which Brien himself commanded in person; and to this day rude implements of ancient warfare are frequently dug up, in turning up the soil. On the left, the eye takes in a fine sweep of corn fields and meadow land, interspersed with some woody tracts, and several fine clear meandering rivulets.

Altoir-na-Grenie, in former times, was inaccessible of approach, save at the land side. This pass commences about a quarter of a mile from the castle, and is formed by an opening between two mountains, so narrow as scarcely to leave footing along the river, which rather tumbles from rock to rock, than runs through it. The depth of this gorge, or rather gulf, almost as it may be denominated, is rendered still more horrific by the blackness of the woods, that extend, at either side, in intertwisted and apparently impenetrable masses; altogether, from the roar of the waters at the bottom, the twilight gloom, and immense altitude of the precipitous mountains, constituting a scene truly grand, but terrific—terrific on more accounts than one, as many places are patches of bog, that rendering the footing insecure, occasion no little alarm to strangers not acquainted with the circumstance. When, however, you emerge from this, a pleasant scene opens, at either side of the

castle, with a noble view beyond it of the sea.

On various parts of the O'Brien estate, are natural curiosities; one of which, however, we shall only notice: it is called the King's Fowling-piece, and consists of a funnel, perforated through a rock by the constant action of the sea against it, and which, at full tide, or in stormy weather, forms a complete *jet d'eau* through it, with a noise and violence that is frequently heard at the distance of several miles.

And here we cannot avoid observing, that there is no country, perhaps, that can afford a more delightful summer excursion than Ireland, to the admirers of nature, at least those who love it in all its wild but interesting varieties—for man here has interfered but little; or to those who have any passion for exploring ruined edifices, abounding, as it does, in the remains of ancient churches, monasteries, and abbeys, rendered highly interesting by the historical accounts transmitted of them, and still more, perhaps, to a romantic imagina-

tion, at least by the traditions still extant of them.

That this now deserted land was the seat of religion and learning, when other countries were in a state of darkness, very little doubt, if any, now remains. Hither the youth of other countries, that, more fortunate in the system by which they have been ruled, have gradually risen in national consequence, as it has declined, were sent for instruction; and hence they departed, accomplished in all the learning of the times, and still more firmly impressed with the principles of Christianity. But its greatness has passed away, leaving only the melancholy recollection of it behind. But, perhaps, its sun may not have set for ever; yet, when we think of the manner in which it has been forsaken and run down, by those who should have supported its consequence, we see little cause for hope.

Of its lakes and curiosities, the Giant's Causeway, and the Lakes of Killarney, must claim attention; the former considered

by men of science as one of the greatest natural curiosities in the world, and the latter, by persons of taste, as scenes it is impossible for pen or pencil to do justice to. A writer, speaking of them, observes —"In the lower and middle lakes, the pleasing and sublime are most happily combined; the upper lake reflects a more solemn grandeur, from the stupendous crags with which it is encircled; but the prospects in both are infinitely diversified; the several islands, the white rocks of Mucruss, the groves of arbutus, the venerable woods, the variety of waterfalls, and the impending cliffs, are separately as delightful and interesting as this assemblage is eminently grand and magnificent; and altogether we will venture to say, that were the extraordinary beauties and natural curiosities with which Ireland abounds, belonging to another country, we should hear incessantly of them, and find it the fashion to explore them; but overlooked, as they appear to be, by the children of

the soil, is it natural to suppose that strangers can think them worth visiting?"

The grandeur of the scenery, that burst so unexpectedly upon the sight of Donaghue, was heightened by the reddening beams of the setting sun. The castle was a blaze of splendour, and all looked bright and glorious, as if to welcome him to his native land, and allure him to remain.

Allure him to remain! in a moment the spell of admiration was dissolved, at the idea of what he must relinquish, should he be induced to do so, and he hastily passed on; for what, in local scenery—what, in all the grandeur he contemplated, could make amends for the want of polished society? the barbarism to which he should be exposed by remaining, and of which he conceived he had a proof, in the reverberating shouts, or rather yells, as he chose to denominate them, that met his ear—the tenantry, in every direction, on the approach of the carriage, coming literally racing to the castle—his imagination

became not only disgusted, but absolutely chilled at the thought, and he determined it should not be his fault, if the visit he had been induced to pay, so much against his inclination, was not shortened.

How affecting was Mrs. O'Brien's review of these scenes of other days! scenes that had left so vivid an impression on her mind, that it seemed as if it was only the day before she had left them; and yet, since then, what changes had taken place! How many had she to seek for in vain, whom she had known—how many to meet whom she had not before seen! but the current of time is continually bearing away from us objects familiar to us, and presenting new ones in their place; our hearts, our affections, however, follow those who are thus borne from our sight, and with involuntary coldness we look upon those who succeed them, unassociated as they are in our minds with any endeared ideas.

She ranged through the apartments; their size, their grandeur, had never so for-

cibly struck her as now; and the more she looked around her, the more she was astonished at the infatuation of her husband, in quitting such a place. The additional gaps and chasms in the walls—the downright ruin into which many places had been allowed to fall, since their departure, through the want of a master's eye, to see every thing kept in proper repair, spoke pathetically to her feelings; and she thought, with a sensation of involuntary indignation, of the sums which Mr. O'Brien had expended, in the fantastic adornments of a paltry villa, while this noble seat of his ancestors, this ancient pile, reflecting such real consequence on its possessors, and which nature almost enjoined him to keep up, was suffered to decay. But she had not come over to indulge melancholy reflections, nor, if she had, would she have been permitted; her arrival was no sooner known, than visitors flocked to the castle, and invitation after invitation succeeded; but her pleasure at these testimonies of respect and regard was lessen-

ed by the conduct of Donaghue. Unlike himself, he kept fastidiously aloof from all but the Magennises, to whom he had previously been introduced in London, and, through the force of prejudice, kept himself out of the way of being convinced of the erroneousness of that prejudice.

But hurt as was Mrs. O'Brien by his behaviour, she did not seem to notice it; she knew the force of prejudice, and that observation is infinitely more powerful in conquering it than argument; and, in consequence, made a point of his returning to Dublin, to join a party there, who had come over in the same packet with them, for the purpose of visiting the lakes, and had strenuously urged him to accompany them.

She could have wished, ere he departed, to have effected an introduction between him and Miss Erin; but he would not seem to understand this wish, and as his absence would be but short, she did not like to press the matter. Indeed, the more

he heard of this young lady, the more he was decided against letting his mother indulge any hopes of being able to accomplish her plan respecting her, and, in consequence, would not permit the hints she threw out about her, to appear to excite any curiosity in his mind to see her; indeed he had but little, if any; lady Magennis and her daughters having confirmed lady Jane's description of her, with this addition, that she was a young lady, that, upon the slightest attention from a gentleman, was apt to build a fabric of hope, such as rendered it almost dangerous for any one to pay her any, lest the demolition of her airy edifice should occasion him censure.

Lady Magennis was a complete woman of the world, not by any means scrupulous about what she advanced, when she thought a strict adherence to truth likely to disappoint her wishes. The general belief that was still entertained of Donaghue's being sure of a handsome inherit-

ance, made her delighted at the idea of his coming to the neighbourhood, from the hope that as there were there fewer competitors for his admiration than in London, one of her daughters might have the good fortune to secure him.

The dislike he evinced to forming any intimacy in the neighbourhood seemed to favour this hope, and to confirm which she accordingly omitted nothing in her power; but particularly against the Erins, whom, on many accounts, she had the greatest dread of. Her husband, sir Ulick, with her assistance, had contrived to get his fortune so fashionably involved, as to render it requisite her doing penance for her extravagance, by occasionally rusticating amidst the barbarous wilds of Ireland; where, however, she never lost sight of having three daughters to dispose of, and accordingly made her house the grand rendezvous for all who were likely to take them off her hands.

The young ladies were educated for ex-

hibition, and so extremely well disciplined, as to be ready to accept the hand of any one inclined to conduct them into the temple of Hymen, provided they were sure of their having the power of keeping them a handsome establishment, for, without that, matrimony was out of the question.

They were delighted at Donaghue's coming over, conceiving it would be odd indeed if, now that they should have him, as it might be almost said, to themselves, one or other of them did not secure him. 'Tis true, lady Jane, who sometimes amused herself with writing to them, when she had nothing better to do, or wanted scandal from their side of the water, had given them to understand he was her devoted. This did not in the least prevent their determining to try whether he had not eyes for others as well as her, though their professions of regard for her were of the most romantic description—the dear, the charming creature, as they called her, always so lively and so entertaining!—"And

then continuing to look so well," their mamma observed.

" Continuing to look so well!" and the invidious remark forced Donaghue to recollect, as was intended, what, when in her presence, he always forgot, that the lady was a few years older than himself.

But though he set out on his excursion without seeing Miss Erin, it was not from not having an opportunity for doing so, as, with her uncle and aunt, she paid her respects to his mother, immediately after hearing of her arrival; but though he was within at the time, he gave positive orders to the servant who was sent to announce the visitors, to say the reverse, and immediately slipped out to lady Magennis's, anxious to avoid, as long as possible, an introduction, from which he only anticipated what was disagreeable, conceiving his mother only waited its taking place, to commence her operations about Miss Erin; and this idea induced him to act in direct opposition to politeness, by refusing to re-

turn Mr. Erin's visit before his departure.

Mr. Erin was deeply offended by this mark of disrespect; and confirming, as it did, what he had previously heard of Donaghue's wishing, through conceit and arrogance, to decline forming any acquaintance in the neighbourhood, incensed him not a little against him. The connexions of his mother's particular friend, ought, he thought, to have been treated differently; however, it was to him of no consequence.

Not so, however, was the slight to his niece; but, whatever she thought or felt on the subject, pride assisted her to conceal. By some indirect means she also had learned the plan of their mothers respecting them; and so obvious was the motive for her being left behind her parents, that, in alarm at the thought of being suspected privy to it, she had determined on the utmost circumspection in her conduct to Mrs. O'Brien, even to veiling what her real feelings towards her were, for she had early been taught to regard her with reverence and admiration;

but with this determination was mingled a hope, that the manner of Donaghue would soon relieve her from the necessity for any painful restraint upon herself.

This hope, however, now seemed threatened with disappointment, from his acting so contrary to what she was aware he must know his mother's wishes were. She was led to imagine that he had discovered the plan for their union, and, in utter dislike to the idea of it, had taken this method of letting it be understood it was one that never could be accomplished. Well, no matter—even though he should realize every expectation she had formed respecting him, he should find nothing in her manner indicative of regret at the circumstance.

Early instructed to acquire a command over herself, she had but little apprehension that she should not be able to keep up to this determination: brought up under the immediate eyes of her parents, there was nothing indeed wanting in her education to give correctness to

thought and feeling; and to accomplishments were united the ease and elegance imparted by polished society; for although her father had not power of giving her a fortune suitable to her birth, she had always mixed in the company it entitled her to.

The family of her mother was excellent, but she wanted fortune, and this circumstance rendered the friends of Mr. Erin so exasperated with him for marrying her, as to occasion them, in a great degree, to throw him off; in particular, his uncle, sir Walter Erin, was, or at least pretended to be, incensed at it, in order to have a pretext for changing his condition himself, at a time of life when it was but natural to suppose all thoughts of the kind would have been relinquished.

If he meant to punish his nephew by his marriage, he also punished himself, by the affliction it was the means of drawing on him, for shortly after the birth of a son he lost his lady, and it was now the dying state of that son that caused Mr. Erin to

be summoned to Italy, who, in the event of his death, was heir to the title and estate.

Immediately after the departure of Donaghue, Mrs. O'Brien invited Miss Erin to the castle; but a fear of being surprised there by Donaghue, made her find a pretext for declining the invitation, determined as she was not to let him be forced to an introduction to her.

Her uncle highly approved of her doing so, conceiving, after the slighting conduct of Donaghue, it would argue a want of proper pride for any of the family to put themselves in his way; but her aunt, who thought very differently, was much vexed at the circumstance, thinking it would be a means of precluding them from the agreeable parties, that she was sure would take place there.

Nothing more sensibly touched Mrs. O'Brien than the wretched condition to which she saw many of the tenantry reduced, by the absence of their landlord; as much as lay in her power, she did for

ameliorating their misery; but the hope they required, of the reestablishment of the family again at the castle, she could not positively give them; if things, however, turned out as she wished, Donaghue became captivated by Miss Erin, she did not despair, through her influence, of this being the case.

Donaghue at length returned from his excursion, accompanied by his friend Sedley Melville, a very pleasant and elegant young man, the nephew and heir of sir James Melville; and who, in occasional visits to England, had become acquainted with Donaghue; and, besides his mother, was the only person who attempted to set him right in his ideas of his native country; but Donaghue, prejudiced against it by those who had then a stronger influence over his mind, considered all he said on the subject as only ironical, and therefore only laughed at it.

CHAPTER III.

" As in a garden, fenc'd with skilful care,
By hands uncropt, unwounded by the share,
Some latent flower displays its blushing hues,
Which, while it drinks pure gales and fostering dews,
Drinks the strong sunshine that its bosom warms,
Each longing youth, each lingering maid it charms."

" WELL, I hope, Donaghue," said his mother, at breakfast, the morning after his return, " you don't mean putting off returning the visit of Mr. Erin any longer? If you have even no wish for any acquaintance with the family yourself, yet, out of respect to me, knowing, as you do, they are amongst my oldest friends, I think you ought not."

The moment Donaghue found his mother serious on the subject, all further hesitation about it was at an end; starting

up, he directly gave orders for the horses being got ready.

" And beyond the usual dinner-hour I shall not wait for you," resumed Mrs. O'Brien ; " so that, if inclined to remain, you need not let any consideration about me hinder you."

" Oh, as to that——" cried Donaghue, with an involuntary shrug. He laughed a little satirically, and he and Melville set off.

A mountainous road, loosely fenced in with stones, led to the habitation of Mr. Erin. Some speculations, in which this gentleman had embarked, proving unfortunate, had compelled him to give up a handsome house he occupied in one of the provincial towns, lay down his carriage, and retire to an old and long-deserted mansion, that, with a few acres of sterile ground, had been left him, when very young, by a relation.

Unable, from the alteration in his circumstances, to entertain, as he had been accustomed, retirement was his wish here;

this, however, was too hateful to the imagination of his wife, to be submitted to. She delighted in the bustle of company, and, one way or other, contrived to procure it for herself, regardless of the remarks that aiming to entertain like others excited; but she was so perfectly good natured herself, that she had no suspicion of the pleasure that is taken in sneers and sarcasms; besides, she was much given to castle-building, and fancied, that by keeping up an intercourse with what she called the world, something beneficial to her family might yet accrue. Some one might take a fancy to one of her children—or procure a situation for her husband, or a thousand other things, equally improbable. She was quite delighted when she heard that Miss Erin was coming to her, from the expectation that she would furnish her with an additional pretext for indulging her inclination.

In this, however, she was disappointed, as Miss Erin, from all she saw and knew, wished rather to prevent than encourage

her to see company; and the consequence was, her aunt being quite provoked with her, more especially as she had calculated, through her being seen in the neighbourhood, on her making some conquest of consequence, that might be of advantage to the family. But her previous anger was slight, compared to what she felt on her refusing Mrs. O'Brien's invitation to the castle; where, if she did not captivate Donaghue, she would have been sure at least of making a conquest of some other person of equal importance, and thus obtaining the power of taking off her daughters to London with her, introducing them at court, and procuring them great matches.

"Ah, poor Pat!" exclaimed Donaghue, affecting a bit of the brogue, as he and his friend rode on, over a road that certainly had not smoothness to recommend it. Observing the slovenly manner in which the fields were enclosed, and the squalid wretchedness of the hovels that were scattered about—"When will your fences

and fields boast of the neatness of your brother John's ?"

" Never, probably," replied his companion; " at least till, like him, he is possessed of some of those comforts that give what may be called heart for exertion. Unceasing privations will, at length, crush the stoutest spirits; the natural consequence of this is, recklessness about every thing; where there is no hope, there can be no emulation; and the spot on which we blankly look, without any expectation of enjoyment, we certainly care nothing about improving."

" Ay, very true," assented Donaghue, in a careless tone; " yet if poor Pat's situation was improved, how much ingenuity should we lose the display of! 'Necessity is the mother of invention;' and really it is amusing to see the contrivances it has led to here, in cars turned into gates, gates into roofs, and wheels into chimnies!"

" Rather say deplorable," cried Melville, a little warmly.

"Ah! well, so it is," said Donaghue; "however there is no use in our horrifying ourselves, by dwelling longer on what we cannot remedy; so for the present, at least, let us satisfy our feelings by throwing what loose silver we have about us amongst these smoke-dried beings, that are peeping out of their hovels at us, as if beings of another world."

At length they came in sight of Mr. Erin's mansion, standing in a ruinous court, in the very heart of a wild mountainous tract, and every where evincing proofs of desertion and decay, yet from its size proving that it must once have been a mansion of consequence—"Though how any one could think of building a house in such a spot, except it was to have the pleasure of shooting grouse out of the windows without any trouble, I cannot conceive," observed Donaghue.

They dismounted at the gate, and crossed the court to the hall-door, which was lying open, without encountering any living thing, except a few cocks and hens

that were straying about it. Donaghue knocked, but no one answered. After waiting some minutes, he knocked again; but still no one came, nor was any sound heard within the house, but that of the ticking of an old-fashioned clock, that stood at the head of the staircase facing them.

"Well, this is odd enough," cried Donaghue; "why, I believe they have all run away; and, faith, I don't wonder at it, since from such a place I think I should be very apt to eject myself.—But come," addressing Melville, "will you venture to explore? perhaps we may at least discover a sleeping beauty."

A stifled laugh made them hastily turn round, and they encountered the eyes of a strikingly elegant-looking girl, about nineteen; she had a large bonnet on, and a small basket on her arm, filled with field flowers, and altogether appeared as if just returned from a ramble.—"Permit me, gentlemen," she said, still laughing, as

she returned their rather confused salutation, for surprise gave to both an appearance of embarrassment, "to assure you, that no such discovery would have recompensed you for the trouble; but pray walk in," leading the way to an old-fashioned parlour. "And now permit me to ask who has done my uncle the honour of calling, that I may inform him."

"Her uncle!" Donaghue almost started —"Good Heavens! and was this Miss Erin? this elegant, animated, beautiful girl, looking all soul, all intelligence, the stiff, stupid, statue-like being, lady Jane had represented her?—oh, what a satire on a woman's painting!"

"But first," continued Miss Erin, "to account for what must appear so extraordinary, as no one being within to answer you: our hay-harvest has just commenced, and from the variableness of our humid climate—the old proverb of making hay while the sun shines not being to be neglected here—our whole household have

turned into the fields, with my uncle and aunt at their head, to amuse themselves, and see how matters are going on."

Donaghue introduced himself, and then his friend; and Miss Erin then left them, to acquaint her uncle with their visit.

Donaghue watched her from the window till she was out of sight; then, as he turned from it—"Rather a—a well-looking girl that," he cried.

"Rather!" exclaimed Melville; "well, really, this is too ridiculous; but it won't do, my dear fellow—I saw no emotion, to be sure, on your first encountering her eyes, or on her announcing herself!"

"Pshaw!" cried Donaghue, as he walked to a glass to adjust his hair—"I may in my turn exclaim ridiculous!"

"Oh! come, I think you'll do," said Melville; "at least you won't quite horrify the lady."

Donaghue laughed—"Really you are intolerable, Melville; if I was to attend to you, you would make me believe that I was——"

"Not that you were a superlatively conceited fellow," cried Melville—"no, no, that at least you must acquit yourself of being."

Donaghue again laughed—"You are really enough to provoke one," he cried; "but do, my dear fellow, spare me now, for I am all but done up by our horrible ride over that stony road, which, by-the-bye, I believe has been paved by some malicious priest, for penitential purposes; and the barbarous smell of turf that pervades this apartment—really, as lady Magennis observes, what between bog, brogue, and smoke, one would need the nerves of an Esquimaux here."

"Pshaw! lady Magennis!" exclaimed Melville, a little petulantly, "I hate her observations—so much any thing but what they ought to be; let us not disparage the land we live in, or rather belong to."

"Oh, sentimental!" cried Donaghue; "oh! then I am off, for that is not my forte;" and throwing himself on a sofa, he took up a book he found there.

In the mean time Miss Erin proceeded to her uncle.—"So he has condescended at last!" he cried, on receiving her information.

"Who?" exclaimed his wife, catching the sentence, and eagerly approaching.

"Prince Donaghue and his friend," replied Mr. Erin, laughing a little satirically.

"Indeed! well really I am quite glad; I dare say he would have come before if he could, and so we must keep him to dinner."

"Oh no, my dear aunt!" cried Miss Erin, shrinking at the bare idea, from the little order she knew any thing was in for an entertainment, and the persuasion she entertained of Donaghue's conceit and fastidiousness—"I beg not—for—I—really think, after acting as he has done, that he does not merit any compliment of the kind."

"Pooh! I hope you don't want your uncle to have a coolness to the son of your mother's particular friend? besides, it is

really requisite we should keep him to dinner, in order to let him see what kind of people we are—that is, that we know what is right, as well as others; for I dare say it was owing to some doubt of this, after all, that he did not come before, for I know what kind of invidious being that lady Magennis is!—But, Lord, my dear," turning to her husband, "do quicken your pace; if you delay much longer, I shouldn't wonder if your visitors lost all patience, and were off without seeing you; you really walk as slow as if, like a snail, you had a house on your back!"

Miss Erin could not contend the point any further herself, but she cast a look at her uncle, in the hope of inducing him to do so; but in this hope she was disappointed—he did not, out of regard to Mrs. O'Brien, like to appear to retain any resentment against Donaghue, so he decided on letting his wife do as she pleased.

Though Donaghue was not quite as much surprised by the uncle as he had been by the niece, yet he certainly was a

good deal so, at finding him so entirely contrary to what he had expected, resembling those he had hitherto associated with, and felt almost inclined to be ashamed of the slighting manner in which he had treated him; but his wife—she certainly rather looked as if she had not long been caught; and if the rest of the family resembled her, it would be quite as well to be still a little shy of them, that if they encountered elsewhere, he might not be horrified by their claiming acquaintance with him.

This reflection, it might have been supposed, would have operated in deterring him from accepting the invitation to dinner—it had not this effect, however; but not wishing to let Melville think, who, he saw, was very much inclined to laugh at him, that it was his inclination to stay, instead of returning an answer to Mr. Erin, he referred him to Melville for one, hoping by this he should be able to make it appear to him that it was out of compliment to what he conceived were his

wishes he consented to remain; but Melville saw his drift, and determined to disappoint him; in his turn referring Mr. Erin to him, by saying he was perfectly at the disposal of Mr. O'Brien.

Mrs. Erin only waited to have the invitation accepted to disappear, and Miss Erin quickly followed her, to try and prevent, as much as possible, the bustle she dreaded. But in vain she represented how much more elegance and comfort there would be in a plain neat dinner, that could easily be got ready, than in a great one without the proper means for it.—"Oh, pooh! don't trouble yourself about that," was the reply; "I'll engage I'll contrive every thing; if they drop in again, I sha'n't mind letting them sit down to our own fare, but first impressions are every thing; we must let them see we know how to entertain as well as other people—that lady Magennis is not the only person in the county who knows how to have a table laid out. So run away, my darling, and don't be staying in this hot place," for

they were speaking in the kitchen; "and be sure you put on your grey silk, for 'tis the most becoming of all your dresses; and be sure you don't forget your darling wreath of white roses; and when you are dressed, have a look to the drawing-room."

"The drawing-room!" exclaimed Miss Erin, in an alarmed tone, at the idea of its ragged and faded furniture, the sad proofs of better days; "oh, my dear aunt! would it not be better not to introduce them into any other room than the parlour?" which, from the best of every thing being picked out for it from the other rooms, had something of a respectable appearance.

"Pooh! I know what you mean; but they won't be long enough in it before dinner to have time to examine things; and as the sun will be full upon it then, that will be an excuse for the curtains being down, so that will shade a good deal; and on the very worst of the chairs one can spread a scarf, or cloak, as if by accident, and by the time they return to it in

the evening, it will be too full for them to see any thing."

"Too full!" repeated her niece.

"Why, yes, my darling, I mean to give them a dance, and that's true.—Pat, let Tim Nevin—if you whistle at the back door he'll hear you—come in from the field and clean the knives; and do you run down to the village, and tell Thady Mullins and Rooney Macguire (the piper and fiddler of the place) I want them this evening, and if they are engaged elsewhere, not to mind that, but come, and I'll give them plenty of Inishowen, and a good supper, and a few more tenpennies than they would get from any one else; and when you are there, you may as well send up Biddy Neil—she'll help to pick the chickens, and mind the meat as 'tis roasting; and if she says she can't come on account of the children, why she may bring them all with her. But stop—let me see if I want you to do any thing else—ay, there's not tea enough in the house, and I want almonds and raisins besides, for

the supper-table; so when you are so far, you may as well go on to the town, but don't be waiting to catch one of our horses —you'll find Flinn's old mare grazing by the roadside, so take her; and if the parcels can't be made up in a moment for you, don't, for the life of you, be delaying for them, but let them be sent after you—but wait another minute, I want you to drop a note by the way at Mr. Bond's, and as you are coming back you may call for an answer.—And, my darling," turning to her niece, "do you run up and write it for me—tell them who we have here, and that we shall expect them to dinner."

"Oh, not the Bonds, my dear aunt, I implore!"

"Pooh! why not? it would be stupid to have no one but ourselves at dinner; besides, you know I couldn't ask for the epergne, or the silver bread-basket, I want for handing about cake in the evening, without inviting them."

"But why ask for these things? there is no necessity for them."

"Tut! sure I have explained that to you already; but here I am wasting my time, when I have so much to do—blanc-mange and custards to make; and, ah! then, Judy, is it with your hands dangling before you, you are looking on, when there's not a minute to spare—while you are standing there doing nothing, couldn't you be running about, making yourself useful? And my two young devils," meaning her daughters, "I wonder where they are—tumbling about in the hay, I suppose, when they might be giving a hand, though, God knows, I believe we are better without them; and there, if I believe they have a white frock ready to put on! Well, to be sure, as old nurse Whelan says, I may well cry och hone! for I'm sure I'm finely pestered."

Miss Erin, finding remonstrance useless, repaired, with a sigh, to her writing-desk, and then proceeded to get matters regulated in the unfortunate drawing-room;

after which, having merely exchanged one white dress for another, she repaired, with her work-basket and a book, to the summer-house in the garden.

Here she was soon after found by the friends. Mr. Erin was just on the point of taking them out to view his fields, when, being called away on business, on being left by themselves, they walked into the garden, into which the parlour opened.

Accustomed to produce an effect, Donaghue could not help experiencing a sensation of mortification at the perfect coolness and composure which this conduct of Miss Erin evinced about him—no flutter, no indication of emotion, no additional ornament in consequence of his consenting to stay; but this indeed she required not, for never had his charmed eyes rested on a being who so perfectly answered every idea he had formed of elegance and grace.

Eveleen Erin was indeed of the first order of fine forms—her complexion was

pale, but varying with every feeling—a tale of wo would make it fade away into marble whiteness, while joy, or any other sudden or powerful emotion, would flush it with tints as bright as colours over the morning sky, but, like them, as transient too; her eyes and hair were dark, and the former, shaded as they were by their beauteous lashes, were of themselves alone sufficient to give resistless attractions to any countenance—full of life, of spirit, and intelligence, their expression clearly proved, that if she was not satirical, it was not from the want of power, but of inclination, to be so; while she smiled in such a sort, as if secure of all beholders' hearts, neglecting she could take them.

Donaghue carelessly took up the book she laid down on his entrance—it was the "Giaour" of lord Byron, and opened at his enchanting description of Lelia. Never had lines, Donaghue thought, appeared so applicable, and in a transport of admiration he took out his pencil, and transcribing them, while she was engaged in conversa-

tion with Melville, on a sheet of paper he found on the table, left it, when he had done, folded up in the book, with the following remark above what he had copied:

"Had the author of the following lines seen the fair divinity of this bower, she would have supplied the picture he drew from his imagination.

Her eyes' dark charm 'twere vain to tell,
But gaze on that of the gazelle,
It will assist thy fancy well;
As large as languishingly dark,
But soul beamed forth in every spark
That darted from beneath the lid,
Bright as the jewel of Giamschid.

— — — — —

On her might muftis gaze, and own
That through her eye the immortal shone;
On her fair cheeks' unfading hue
The young pomegranates blossoms strew
Their bloom in blushes ever new.
Her hair, in hyacinthine flow,
When left to roll its folds below,
As midst her handmaids in the hall
She stood superior to them all,
Hath swept the marble.

— — — — —

As rears her crest the ruffled swan,
And spurns the wave with wings of pride,
When pass the steps of stranger man
Along the banks that bound her tide,
Thus rose fair Eveleen's whiter neck,
Thus armed with beauty would she check
Intrusion's glance, till Folly's gaze
Shrunk from the charms it meant to praise—
Thus high and graceful was her gait.

But scarcely had he given way to his feelings ere he regretted it, and would have recovered the paper that disclosed them, but that on his laying down the book, she had put it aside; however, he hoped what it contained would be placed to the score of mere gallantry, for he could not endure that, without appearing to have produced any effect on her, she should have the gratification of knowing she had produced such an one upon him. But was not this affectation, vanity suggested; or to such a conviction that their marriage was inevitable, from the arrangement of their mothers, that she might give herself what airs she

pleased; but he should soon undeceive, soon teach her the reverse; for with all her loveliness he could not—no, he could not think seriously of her, for there would be no eclat attending a union with her; and then such a sacrifice of lofty pretensions! no, the thing was impossible; yet since it was, he wished he had found her just what he expected, the cold, stiff, marble-like being lady Jane had described her—dear, delightful lady Jane! so every thing a fashionable man could desire a wife to be—he really did believe, if she had but the loveliness of the other, he would no longer hesitate to become a Benedict; but then, if she had that with her other attractions, she would be too glorious a prize for any mortal; but it was ill-judged of her to deceive him as she had done about Miss Erin, knowing, as she must, it would be apt to heighten any admiration she was calculated to excite: but was it for this purpose she had done so? no; and he smiled with a feeling of gra-

tified vanity at the motive to which he ascribed it. But all this was ridiculous; for as yet to resign his liberty, give up the dear delight of seeing himself manœuvered for by all the speculating mammas and exhibiting Misses of fashion in London, was out of the question; besides, to run the risk of having a set of sons and daughters starting up about him, ere he was by any means inclined to resign the stage to them—no, the thought was not endurable. Some years hence, for the sake of the family name, he might then take a wife, and mortify withal.

Yet notwithstanding these resolutions, he felt almost peevish when Mr. Erin had hunted him and Melville out, to drag them over his horrible fields. The bower was so cool, and so deliciously sequestered; "and then," as Werter says, "to look in the dark eyes of the divinity of it," was of itself a pleasure; but in vain he gazed in them, to discover what was then passing in her mind—had she been composed of the marble of which lady

Jane had represented her, she could not have given him less indications of this.

By the time they returned from their drag, the other guests were arrived, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Bond, and their grandson and his sister, both grown up. They were people of comfortable independence, and had every appearance of enjoying life; but there certainly was nothing of *ton* about them, and at the first glance Donaghue determined on keeping himself aloof from them; determinations, however, are much easier formed than kept. Mrs. Bond, who was no great adept in interpreting looks, soon forced some attention from him. Taking possession of a chair by his, and drawing it as close to it as possible—"You must know, my good young sir," she cried, "that your being here to-day was no slight inducement to our also coming; not but that we are always happy in the company of our friends here, but I was so particularly glad at the opportunity I saw of being intro-

duced to you would afford me of getting an acquaintance in London for my young people, against their going there, who, from having always resided there, would know what to shew them, and what to teach them to avoid, for their grandfather and I can think of no more journeys now."

"Know what to shew them!" and as she made the remark, Donaghue involuntarily glanced at master Bob, and surveying him from head to foot, thought of the effect, with an absolute sensation of horror, which he should produce at the opera, loitering down the pit, or emerging from behind the scenes, with such a being—short and thick, with a face as broad as a full moon, and red as a piony, with coal black hair, that from its straightness seemed as if it would bid defiance to all the curling fluids in the world to produce an effect on, and a mouth so capaciously wide, as to render it impossible for him to open it, without disclosing a set of teeth, quite as formidable, from their size, as those of the

terrible visitor of poor little Red-riding-hood.

"And if London is not very much altered since my time," continued the good lady, "there are many things there to be avoided; for you must know, sir, I once paid it a visit, before I was married, and I believe it is the descriptions I have given of it that have set these young folks so longing to see it. But I saw it when it had even more public places to boast of than it has now, for then there was Marybone Gardens, and Ranelagh, besides Vauxhall —enchanting Ranelagh! as my friend lady Donnybrook used to call it; I could have cried when I heard of its pulling down, for I remembered it in all its glory; and grand it was, and grand every one looked then, for dress in those days gave dignity and consequence to one's appearance—ah! it was something then to see a lady in full dress for an assembly!"

"Awful, no doubt, ma'am," cried Donaghue.

"In a full-trimmed sack, with a large

hoop, and treble ruffles," proceeded the old lady, pursuing what seemed to her to be an enchanting theme; " not as now, in her cobweb drapery, looking as slim and as insignificant as the sprite in the fable-book on the top of the cradle; people were then distinguished by their dress, for from the richness of the materials, and the quantity of them, not as now, it was impossible for all to dress alike; and really, on this account, if on no other, it is to be lamented that the fashion of hoops and sacks is gone out."

" And the injury besides it is to the whale-fishery !" said Melville, advancing; " really I wonder the Greenland Company have not taken it up, and remonstrated with government on the subject; but all in good time—when all this fuss that has lately been made about the beauty of the human form, and the Grecian style of dress, is over, we shall see the dignified taste of other days reviving, and the ladies again bearing down upon us, in all that extension of dress that is so commanding.

But you were observing, ma'am, if London was not altered since your time; if it is, I will venture to say, it is not for the better;" and he launched out into an account —yet perhaps, after all, not an exaggerated one—that was enough to terrify any one, of its various impositions and enormities, interspersed with remarks on the precautions it was requisite to practise, and the manner in which one should always be on their guard; during which Mr. Bond, joining the party, kept continually calling out to his grandson— "Mind that, Bob! put that down with your pencil in your pocketbook, that it shouldn't be forgot!" and, to the great amusement of Melville, the tablets were actually produced.

"But, notwithstanding what I have said of the dangers of this wilderness, as it may be termed," he went on, "yet, with a friend at one's elbow, one may just as safely steer through them all, as they may through Scylla and Charybdis, with a skil-

ful pilot; and really, to conduct one safely through them, I know not any one better qualified than my friend here, he is so perfectly acquainted with the town, so completely *au fait* with regard to every thing connected with it. Indeed I don't know any person more calculated to render the visit of a stranger to it pleasant, than he is. With him for his guide and director, Mr. Bob——I beg his pardon—Mr. Robert, need fear nothing; and, through an acquaintance with him, will have an opportunity of being introduced, in the most stylish way, to all the places of fashionable resort. In particular, if he's fond of music, he'll have reason to congratulate himself on his acquaintance with him, for he's a constant frequenter of the opera."

Here the provoked Donaghue, by an absolutely savage look, tried to stop him, but in vain.

"Then he is so well acquainted with all the lions——"

"The lions! bless me!" interrupted the old lady, in a tone of affright, "are there many there?"

"He, he!" now tittered the young lady, and "la, grandma!" she dutifully demanded, "how can you be so silly? By lions are meant the curiosities of a place—when I was at school I learned that!"

"Dear me! to see what changes there are in every thing!" sighed her grandmother; "in my time it was—'have you seen the sights?"

"Ay; but, grandmother—'have you seen the lions?' is now the go," cried master Bob, with a laugh.

"Have you put that down with your pencil, sir?" asked Melville, gravely; "for it is pleasant for a person to be up to all these things, to avoid being taken for a stranger."

"Ah! then, faith, I believe," cried honest Bob, "with the tongue I have got in my head, it will be impossible for me to avoid that."

"Oh, pardon me, sir," returned Mel-

ville; " or, if your tongue does betray you, it will only be as the stranger was betrayed in the market at Athens, by the superior elegance and purity with which he spoke the language."

Donaghue, with a look that seemed to say this was too bad—for certainly poor Bob had a tongue that would any where have proclaimed his country—now rose, or rather broke away from the old lady, for her hand had all this time been resting on his arm, and walked to a window. As he did so, he caught the eye of Miss Erin, and by a significant shrug, or at least what he meant to be one, immediately strove to impart his feelings to her; but either she did not understand him, or else thought him impertinent, for nothing could exceed the unaltered gravity of her look; and it seemed so like a rebuke to Donaghue, that he felt the blood mounting up to his very temples.

At length dinner was announced, in a manner that electrified the whole party, by the fling that Pat gave to the door, in

order to prove to his mistress, that her instructions to him to be all alive were not thrown away.

As Miss Erin had foreseen, every thing was uncomfortable and in confusion, from the entertainment her aunt would persist in giving. She felt it, and her uncle felt it; but the lady of the house herself was perfectly satisfied—her feelings were not particularly sensitive about such matters, and she accordingly set about doing the honours of the table, with as much ease and self-complacency as if it had been laid out by the first *maitre d'hotel* in either kingdom.

But if the previous discomposure of Miss Erin was great, what it was when the unfortunate vanity of her aunt was detected may be conceived. The epergne was Mr. Bond's first present to his lady, and so valued by her, as to be long intended for an heirloom. She could not therefore help keeping a watchful eye over it, or cautioning Pat about it, whose alertness absolutely terrified her, in a manner that proved

but too clearly how much she was interested in its preservation.

Of course the strangers noticed nothing that was not wished; but Donaghue was all eye, all ear; and his fastidiousness every moment increased, till at length he almost ceased to make an effort to conceal it. But the coolness of Miss Erin had piqued his pride, and mortified his vanity, and in return he wished to let her see, that his feelings were of a description that must render him very indifferent on the subject. Now and then he condescended to give a languid smile, and attempt to say something; but when the evening guests, ere dinner was well over, agreeable to the intimation of Mrs. Erin, not to be late in coming, were heard thundering up the stairs, for it is here to be understood, that they were not exactly of the first description of fashionables in the neighbourhood, it was all over any further attempt at constraint, and hastily rising, he rang, to have the horses got ready directly, to the no small surprise of the rest of the party, and

anger of Melville, who had quite enjoyed the idea of the scene above stairs. But he could not be prevailed on to give up going immediately, more especially as, on glancing at Miss Erin, to see whether she at all looked as if she wished him to stay, he saw nothing but a supercilious smile on her countenance.

Melville was so provoked with him, that they had proceeded a considerable way on their return ere he would speak to him; and when he did, it was to rail at him for his conduct.

Donaghue affected to laugh at what he said; but in reality was so vexed himself, by this time, at the way in which he had acted, that it had the effect of making him feel still severer the subject; but then, had he acted otherwise, might not his silence and constraint have been imputed to want of natural animation, and the imputation of stupidity would not be a very pleasant one to incur; besides, it was requisite to let the party see he too well understood what was due to himself, to per-

mit an introduction to the heterogeneous set assembled for the evening, and thus to try and reconcile himself to his conduct, had recourse to false reasoning and false arguments, but which, as usual, failed of succeeding.

On reaching Altoir-na-Grenie, they found Mrs. O'Brien was gone to spend the evening at lady Magennis's. The family there did not much expect to see any one from Altoir-na-Grenie that day; but on learning, by chance, the direction in which the friends had been seen riding that morning, their agony to know whether they were going to Mr. Erin's was so great, that the young ladies were dispatched, after dinner, under the pretext of bringing Mrs. O'Brien to tea. The eager manner in which they looked round the room, and their agitated inquiries after the gentlemen, betrayed their real motive for coming.

Their mamma was scarcely less agitated than they were themselves, when a significant look, on their return, gave her to

understand it was as they feared; however, it was some comfort to think they should not be long kept in suspense as to what was likely to result from the visit—it would be easy to see what impression Miss Erin had made; and if she failed of making a positive impression at first sight, why there was a chance that nothing injurious to them would result from the visit; at all events, she could not deprive them of both the beaux, and Melville, from the first moment of his arrival, had become quite as great an object of speculation as his friend.

The early return of the gentlemen gave a fillip to their drooping spirits.—"So, gentlemen," cried her ladyship, laying down her cards, with eyes sparkling with pleasure, as they entered the drawing-room, "for the wreck of matter, or the crush of worlds," almost, could not have induced her to give up cards for an evening, "this is a very unexpected pleasure; for, from the place where you were visiting, I scarcely thought," and she spoke

sneeringly, from believing she might safely do so, " that you would be too completely spell-bound, to be able to leave it at such an hour!"

" Indeed!" said Donaghue; and he was on the point, perhaps, of saying something in unison with her wishes, when either the rebuking eye of his mother, or else the majestic form of Miss Erin, suddenly rising to his imagination, checked him, and made him colour and falter at the idea.

" Why the fact is, ma'am," said Melville, who had a most ungallant dislike to her ladyship and her daughters, " Donaghue found such danger in remaining, that he determined on a precipitate flight."

" Really!" cried her ladyship, with a quivering lip, but affectedly misunderstanding his meaning, " what! from the hospitality of the good lady of the house, who really treats her guests as they do fowl, when they are put up for fattening?"

" No, not exactly," replied Melville; " it was from another cause—from beauty truly blended, whose red and white," and as

he spoke, with a sly glance at the well-rouged cheeks of her daughters, he gave a slight but significant rub to his own cheek, " Nature's own rare and skilful hand put on."

" Oh dear, poetical!" exclaimed her ladyship, with another sneer; " you must be far gone then indeed! and Miss Eveleen Erin will doubtless feel vain at being able to rank the accomplished Mr. Melville amongst her conquests."

" No, not exactly amongst her conquests, though certainly amongst her warmest admirers—for certain considerations," and he spoke emphatically, " will continue to make me guard my heart against her attractions."

" Pshaw! it is ridiculous," cried her ladyship, " from the manner in which you speak of her, to deny its being already surrendered to her; and I suppose, Orlando like, we shall soon have you hanging elegies on oaks, and odes on bramble bushes, in praise of her charms."

" No, if I was to exert my muse on her

account, I think it would be in loyal cantos of contemned love."

"How modest! No confidence then in your own attractions—but come, now that you have given utterance to your raptures, will you join us at cards?"

"No, excuse me."

"Oh! more inclined for musing. Well, that is natural for a man in your case.—But, Mr. Donaghue, do you purpose following the example of your friend?"

"By no means," replied Donaghue, and instantly took a seat at the table; whence, in the course of a few hours, he rose the loser of a considerable sum.

"Well, I don't pity you," said Melville, as he was putting up his lightened purse, with perhaps not the most complacent brow in the world; "had you remained where you were, instead of having to reflect on your folly, in putting yourself in the way of being cheated out of such a sum of money, for the play here is nothing but cheating—the observations of this evening have convinced me of this, for I have

been watching her ladyship and her amiable daughters, and now clearly understand why the latter decline playing, and always keep hovering about the table where their mamma is—you might have been enjoying the conversation of the liveliest girl in the kingdom, perhaps at this very moment holding her soft hand in yours, and meeting her smiles, and, in short, have had something to dwell on with delight."

"Why I suppose you think I have the patience of a saint," cried Donaghue, almost in a rage; "is it the art of tormenting that you have lately been studying, that you appear such an adept in it?"

"Oh, you wince! well, I'll stroke you down again. Is it not a proof that I think something of you, my taking these pains to admonish you?"

"Oh, thank you! so you wound but for the pleasure of healing! but certainly you have found out an ingenious way of trying the temper of your friends!"

All the art of Donaghue could not hide from his mother the impression which Miss Erin had made upon him, and she had no longer any hesitation in revealing what her wishes were respecting her, lest ignorance of them should occasion his struggling against his admiration for her, or, at least, be pleaded hereafter as a reason for resisting its impulse, assuring him she had not the slightest doubt of his father's acquiescing in them. But though Donaghue listened attentively, he allowed nothing to escape him that could put her out of suspense as to what his real intentions were; but she would not despair of their being favourable to the wishes she had avowed. With his acute susceptibility, his taste, his turn of mind, she thought it next to impossible that a further knowledge of Miss Erin—the conviction that must follow, of the adornments of her mind being equal to those of her person—would not complete her conquest over him, and make him think with contempt of all

that had previously militated against his yielding to her power.

But how was this further knowledge to be obtained? she feared his apprehended wish to resist the impression that had been made upon him might prevent the repetition of his visit to Mr. Erin's, and the family did not keep up any great intimacy in the neighbourhood of Altoir-na-Grenie, and these considerations made her regret still more Miss Erin's positive rejection of the invitation she had given her; but perhaps if now repeated, and she was just on the point of setting out to try if she could not prevail on her, when she learned she was coming to pass a little time with the friend of her aunt, Mrs. Burros, a lady residing at no great distance from Altoir-na-Grenie.

Mrs. Erin, that is Miss Erin's aunt, was, in her way, a *manœuvrier*, as well as lady Magennis, and conceiving if her niece went on a visit in the neighbourhood, she should be furnished with a pretext for go-

ing there too, as often as she pleased, herself, she wrote privately to her friend Mrs. Burros, to invite her, knowing Eveleen would have no excuse for declining an invitation of hers.

Donaghue no sooner heard of this visit than, unacquainted with her refusal of his mother's invitation, vanity immediately suggested its being paid on his account; the dead set he had been warned of, by lady Jane, occurred to his imagination, and he determined to act accordingly, to let it be seen that he was not easily to be caught, or, at all events, induced to form a downright Irish connexion. Conceiving the lady had advanced, he believed he need take no further pains to render himself agreeable, if indeed he had already taken any, but might give himself what airs he pleased; and the idea of obtaining proofs of her admiration, or rather being sure of it, without giving any of his own, was extremely pleasing to his imagination.

Instead, therefore, of hastening to pay his respects to her, on hearing of her arrival,

he carelessly ordered the horses, and rode out with Melville, but took the road leading to Mrs. Burros's cottage, from believing Melville, which however was not the case, was unacquainted with it. On coming nearly opposite the cottage, he espied a female through the divisions of a Venetian blind, and fancying it must be Miss Erin, such an opportunity for playing off his fine figure before her was not to be resisted; he excelled in the *manège*, and accordingly his horse suddenly began curvetting in a manner that, while it threw both himself and his rider into the most elegant attitudes imaginable, seemed to render the utmost skill requisite for his management.

Melville penetrated the trick, but not choosing to say so at present, drew quietly up at the roadside till the display was over; but an end was soon put to it, by the sudden flying up of the blind, and Caty, Mrs. Burros's maid, thrusting her head out of the window, and in a tone of alarm beseeching his honour to get off of that baste

of a horse, or else to be sure it's after kilt he would be.

Donaghue, though feeling absolutely ridiculous to himself, from the mistake he had been under, affected to laugh, and thanking her for her concern for his safety, inquired whether the ladies were within? and on being answered in the negative, left his compliments for them, and rode off.

Melville followed. After they had got to some distance—"Well, what a pity!" he cried.

"What?" demanded Donaghue, turning short on him.

"Why, that so much good horsemanship should be thrown away."

"Why, I hope you don't mean to insinuate——" cried Donaghue, colouring scarlet.

Melville laughed, nodded significantly, and touching the side of his horse, passed him in full gallop, leaving him to chew the cud of mortification by himself.

For some minutes it would be impossible to say which Donaghue was most

provoked with—himself or Melville; with himself for his ridiculous vanity, or Melville for having discovered it; but his natural good-humour soon got the better of any resentment towards his friend, but with a determination to take care how he played the part of an egregious coxcomb again before so keen an observer.

Now that she actually was in the neighbourhood, Mrs. O'Brien hoped that intercourse would take place between Miss Erin and Donaghue which she wished; their respective determinations, however, were hostile to this wish; still it was probable that they must now meet pretty often, and from these meetings she would augur what she desired. Indeed she was encouraged to do so, by penetrating more into the feelings of Donaghue than he was aware of; she saw the struggle there was in his mind between inclination and conceit, and from his good sense, his acute sensibility, and warmth of temperament, could not avoid believing it would yet end as she wished. The more she contem-

plated Miss Erin—the more thoroughly she understood the qualities of her heart, and the adornments of her mind, the more anxious she became for this.

As much as she was pleased at Miss Erin's coming to the neighbourhood, lady Magennis and her daughters were displeased and disconcerted. To have her thus forcing herself upon notice—really it was quite insufferable! To be sure they could not find that she was gaining much upon Donaghue; but there was a gravity in his looks whenever they now attempted to speak slightingly of her, that still alarmed them; and as to Melville, they had before began to fear it was a hopeless business about him. Well, really it was provoking, to think they should slip through their toils, as so many others had done before them. The young ladies were not getting younger, and in the course of a few years—a very few—it was absolutely horrific the idea of what they would be considered, if they did not get married.

But careless as Donaghue chose to be

considered about seeing her, he was continually on the watch to meet Miss Erin. There was always an expression of surprise, however, on these occasions, as if the meeting was quite unexpected; but Miss Erin was quite as keen and penetrating as his friend Melville, and more than once, in consequence, was led to doubt the truth of the assertion; but whatever she thought or felt in consequence was best known to herself, never, for a moment, being otherwise than cool or collected. Melville himself could not have devised any thing more mortifying to Donaghue than was this uniform composure of manner; anger or disdain could not have hurt him half so much, since they would have been indicative of his power of exciting some emotion; but was it not affected? or might it not be owing to being certain of him, through the influence or interference of his mother? He was determined to ascertain to which, by acting in such a manner as should convince

her this influence would be exerted in vain; and then indeed, if she retained her usual calmness, why, he must suppose it was owing to indifference about him.

The very day after he had formed this resolution, Miss Erin came to dine with his mother, Mrs. Burros being gone to visit a sick friend. In the capacity of host, Donaghue had a pretext for paying all those attentions his feelings prompted; and the hours sped delightfully, and, of course, rapidly away; but soon after tea Donaghue rose, and pushing aside his chair, made a movement towards the door.

"Why, where are you going?" demanded his mother, in rather an alarmed tone of voice.

"To lady Magennis's," was the reply. "I should have sent an excuse, but that my going won't be a means of leaving you alone."

Mrs. O'Brien turned pale with vexation, and for a moment was too angry to speak, then, with a look of mingled reproach and indignation—"Well, if you

are so tasteless as to wish to go," she said, "I am sure Miss Erin will excuse you."

Donaghue turned his eyes full upon Miss Erin, but hers were so steadily fixed on a new publication she had just taken up, that it was impossible to see her countenance perfectly; he stood, however, looking at her, as if waiting for her reply to his mother's observation; Mrs. O'Brien perceiving this — "My dear," she said, touching her arm, "won't you excuse Donaghue's keeping a previous engagement?"

"Me! what, ma'am?" cried Miss Erin, looking up—"I beg your pardon, but I was really so absorbed in a beautiful passage I was reading, that I did not hear what was saying."

Mrs. O'Brien repeated the question.

"Oh dear, certainly!" she replied, "and I am quite sorry that Mr. Donaghue should have thought so much ceremony necessary with me—I am sure he might have gone without my ever missing him."

"There now!" said Melville, laughing, enjoying not a little the mortification which

this assertion, perhaps a little maliciously uttered, evidently gave to Donaghue; "I hope you are satisfied! you may vanish whenever you please."

"I thank you for your permission," cried Donaghue, in no very complacent tone; "but I suppose you are coming?"

"Me! no truly—cards and painted dowagers are a dose I am not fond of every night, so on my account don't delay; I am impatient indeed for you to be gone, that I may ask Miss Erin to play and sing for me."

"Play and sing for him!" and was he to have this enjoyment to himself, and of hanging over her chair while she was playing, and of meeting her eyes, melting in soft languishments through the effect of her own melting cadences; and as these images rose to his imagination, Donaghue was almost tempted to give up his resolution of going out. He hesitated, and looked again at Miss Erin, but she had again taken up the book, and in a transport of rage at her immovable composure

about him, he flung, or rather rushed, out of the room.

The Magennises had learned who was at Altoir-na-Grenie, and in consequence gave up seeing him that evening, and at the same time almost all further hope respecting him; their joyful surprise, therefore, on his entering the drawing-room, may easily be conceived; expectation revived, and with new-flushed hopes they set about playing off their arts upon him. But Richard was not himself this evening. His manner was *distrait*—his thoughts evidently wandering. In vain lady Magennis, calling him a charming creature for having come, wooed him to take a seat beside her at the card-table—in vain Miss Magennis, who, of the three, thought he admired her the most, endeavoured to render herself more amiable than ever in his eyes, by being alternately gay, grave, capricious—she might have been the very soul of whim, or spirit of variety, for any thing he knew or cared about the matter. Miss Erin, justly piqued by his rudeness, and Mel-

ville taking advantage of his absence, thinking himself at liberty perhaps from his conduct to do so, the indifference it indicated about her, to insinuate himself into her good graces, engrossed his thoughts too completely to allow of any attention to any one, or any thing; and after a few hours of absolute penance, he abruptly retired, ere the party had any idea of breaking up.

CHAPTER IV.

" Did men but think, and oft to think they seem,
That from themselves their heaviest sorrows rise,
And knew they too whence they themselves create
Their bosom sufferings, seldom should we see
Life spent as now each passing hour portrays."

But by the time Donaghue was returning to Altoir-na-Grenie, Miss Erin was leaving it, attended by Melville. They were advancing down the pass just as Donaghue

entered it, and who quickly distinguishing their voices, immediately rushed amidst the underwood to avoid them, unwilling, since he knew they could not now be much longer together, that they should know of his return, lest the cause of it, so much sooner than was expected, might be surmised.

But with all his quickness he had not escaped the eyes of Melville, and who, instantly conjecturing what Donaghue had feared if he allowed himself to be seen, set about plaguing him. Accordingly, after the slight interruption watching him had occasioned in his conversation with Miss Erin—"So, as I was telling you about my friend Donaghue, ma'am," he began——

"What?" Miss Erin was on the point of demanding, from not recollecting that he had been telling her any thing about him, when a significant squeeze of the arm, and glance towards the spot where Donaghue had concealed himself, gave her instantly to comprehend what he meant,

and induced her to enter into the joke—"How he acted on that occasion," he continued, "the——" and here his voice became so low, it was impossible to distinguish what followed, but that it was something he had reason to be highly offended with, and resent, Donaghue could not but suppose from the laughter that ensued, and his blood took fire at the supposition.

"Ridiculous!" exclaimed Miss Erin, aloud, after appearing to be listening with the most profound attention to what her companion was telling her; "and was it really as absurd as you say?"

"Oh, ma'am, I can give you no adequate idea of the scene! but this kind of conceit really often gives rise to the most ridiculous equivoques—to fancy a German princess was dying for him!"

"Oh, ridiculous!" again exclaimed Miss Erin.

Donaghue could hear no more—in a transport of fury he rushed through the thickets, and sprung out on the path before them, with a determination of letting

Melville know he had detected the perfidy he was guilty of, in thus rendering him an object of ridicule.

"Ha! what is that you?" cried Melville, in a tone of well-counterfeited surprise; "why is it you we have heard this half-hour, rustling amongst the bushes above? I really thought it was a deer our voices had disturbed in its lair, or some other wild animal; and let me see," looking in his eyes, which absolutely glared upon him, "was I mistaken in thinking it a wild animal?"

"Pshaw! absurd!" exclaimed Donaghue, turning from him; "it was not me you heard, for I am only this instant come from lady Magennis's, in consequence of a violent headach."

"Indeed! poor fellow!" and Melville spoke in a tone of affected pity, that heightened the rage of Donaghue to a degree that nothing but the presence of Miss Erin could have had power to make him restrain—"well, make haste home then, and see what mamma can do for it."

"It is not my pleasure," said Donaghue, fiercely.

"Indeed! well perhaps the cool night air may be of service, so come, let us proceed—we detain Miss Erin."

Proceed accordingly he and she did, closely followed by Donaghue, stalking after them, too deeply offended at both to hold converse with either, though determined on accompanying them, in order to prevent any further discourse about himself.

"Well," asked Melville, in his usual tone, after they had taken leave of Miss Erin, "how do you find yourself now? I have some notion if you had passed as delightful an evening as I have done, you would have been better than you appear."

"Yes," cried Donaghue; "and you have ended it in a way to render the conclusion of it equally delightful to your imagination, by an abuse of the confidence reposed in your sincerity," flinging his arm, which he had passed under his, from him.

" A fine specimen you have given me of modern friendship!"

" Why what has Damon to accuse his Pythias of?" cried Melville.

" Pshaw! this trifling is not to be endured!" exclaimed Donaghue. " Your own conscience must tell you what I mean. It was unkind, ungenerous of you, Melville, to take advantage of my absence to speak of me in the manner you have done! Nothing but my own ears could have made me believe you were capable of such treachery; and it has hurt me—hurt me in a way I cannot describe! for my confidence in your regard—your friendship, was so great, as to console me for what I often regretted—the want of a brother."

" Oh ho!" said Melville, " you have finely betrayed yourself! So it was you, after all, we heard rustling amongst the trees, and you have shared the deserved fate of all those who listen intentionally, by hearing something of yourself you did not like, or at least fancying you did; and it was a headach brought you so soon from

lady Magennis's; and——Ah, my dear fellow," again catching him by the arm, "ere you attempt to practise deception again, take a few more lessons from her ladyship—you could not be in a better school than hers to learn all the arts of dissimulation!" and the laugh that accompanied these words at once opened the eyes of Donaghue to the trick that had been played him, and rendered him heartily ashamed of the petulance he had betrayed. His heart, however, was lightened of a load that had been intolerable; the suspicion of being deceived by his friend, and ridiculed or laughed at by the woman he admired, any thing he felt after that was as nothing.

"But," resumed Melville, after they had laughed for a minute or two together at the trick he had played him, "though you rated me so finely about the supposed abuse of the confidence you reposed in me, I would be glad to learn what proof of this unlimited confidence, as your reproaches would have intimated its being,

was your listening secretly to my conversation with your mistress?"

"Tut! think no more of that," said Donaghue, in some confusion; "you are mistaken, I assure you, in imagining I did —that is, I mean, in imagining it was owing to any particular interest—or—or anxiety about Miss Erin, or——"

"Donaghue," said Melville, in a tone of gravity, "you cannot deceive me; and, for God's sake! if you value your happiness, do not attempt to deceive yourself! while you are trifling with your wishes, and trying to persuade yourself they are not what they are, some one will slip in, and bear away the beauteous prize from you!"

"Ah! well, we will see," said Donaghue, carelessly; "if I can ascertain that I covet it, I think I shall have a struggle for it; but really that is not the case at present: if I could possibly bring myself to think, yet awhile, of any thing so formidable as matrimony, it certainly would

be in a quarter different from this. But see—here we are again before her window," for, in the earnestness of conversation, they had taken the circuit of the cottage, without exactly knowing the direction they were going, " and she may perhaps hear us speaking."

" Oh, no danger of that," replied Melville; " by this time, I dare say, she is asleep, little dreaming her Dermid is here deprived of peace and rest."

" She!" exclaimed Donaghue, conceitedly; " I don't as yet know the she that has been able to do that!"

" Oh!" cried Melville, " after this, let me hear you no more talk of sincerity. You, who have sighed, and sworn, and made more than half the belles in London believe you as true a lover as ever sighed upon a midnight pillow, to tell me now you know not what love is!"

" Pshaw! if women will not be satisfied without thinking they have excited a passion, men are justified in imposing on their credulity."

" Well, neither time nor place allow of arguing that point now, and so, to bid adieu to the fair saint enclosed within these walls—

" Angels and seraphs, who delight in goodness,
Forsake your skies, and to her couch descend !"

Mortified by the suspicion of being attached where he was not sure of having excited any interest—piqued by the seeming indifference of Miss Erin, Donaghue determined on keeping a better guard over his feelings for the future. There was to be an assembly, in a night or two, at the neighbouring town, and at this he resolved on putting her feelings to a positive test; if she could bear unmoved to see herself unnoticed for others, and in a great degree passed over by him, why then adieu to all hope of having excited any interest in her heart. But he would not suffer himself to think that any thing so mortifying would be the case, and, as if determined, if he had not made an impression before, on making one this night, he

devoted more than the usual time to the toilet.

On Melville's being completed, he sauntered into his dressing-room, and found him still under the hands of M'Cormick. —" Well, upon my soul," he cried, " Cormick must have great patience!—Come, like an honest fellow, speak the truth, Cormick, and tell me how often he has made you go over that mop of his, and got up to look at himself in the glass?"

" Ah, then, Mr. Melville, why shouldn't he wish to make himself look handsome, when he's going where the ladies will be —Miss Erin, and the whole set of them?"

" Ah, poor Miss Erin!" sighed Melville. " Have you heard any thing about Mrs. Burros, Cormick?"

" Why should he hear?" cried Donaghue, starting up from his chair, in a fright, at the question; and, in the agitation it occasioned, completely discomposing his hair by the manner in which he rubbed it back from his forehead.

Melville again sighed, shook his head, and turned to a window.

"There, you may go, Cormick," cried Donaghue, tearing off his dressing-gown; and, without well knowing what he was about, taking up the coat he had worn in the morning, "I don't know that I shall do any thing more to myself, for——"

"Why, are you mad?" demanded Melville, turning round abruptly; "after telling every one you were going to the assembly, now to change your mind; and then to give me the trouble of dressing for nothing, for, as I am a stranger in the place, I don't like to stalk into the room by myself. But I will not allow you to disappoint me in such a manner; so come finish your adonizing as fast as you can, or we shall have none but frights to pick and choose out of."

"But," hesitating, "did not you say something about Miss Erin—that she could not go?"

"Me! I never said such a thing!"

"No! then I am sure you allowed me to imagine it."

"Oh, as to that, it is not now I am to learn that I must allow you to imagine a great many strange things."

"Then what did you mean by your exclamation about her?"

"Mean! why nothing—but that how disappointed she probably would have been, if Mrs. Burros had not been able to procure a carriage to take them to the assembly. But how you have ruined your hair! oh, it is useless now for you to hope to have it restored to the order in which it was when you thrust your hand so abominably through it. What a waste of time and *huile d'antique* has been here!"

"Any thing more?" asked Donaghue.

"No, I believe not.—What do you think, Cormick? do you think he will do?"

"Ah, then, Mr. Melville, it's yourself that knows he will! I'll be bound for it, there won't be two handsomer gentlemen in the room than your two selves; and, to

be sure, it's not the ladies that won't be thinking that; but I'll be after having a peep at you there myself, for I shall go along with the carriage."

The friends set out by themselves, a slight cold preventing Mrs. O'Brien from going, to her great disappointment, as she wished much to have had such an opportunity for witnessing the conduct of Donaghue to Miss Erin.

This assembly was expected to be very brilliant, through the arrival of a new regiment in the town, and some other circumstances; and having been announced for some time, the Miss Magennises were allowed to make due preparations for it. They sent up to Dublin for dresses for it, and, in short, quite set their hearts on eclipsing every one this night; and if, by the aid of these new dresses, they did not make a decided conquest of Donaghue, that is, one or other of them, this night, they resolved on giving up all further idea of him, and instead of losing any further

time about a being so insensible, turning their thoughts elsewhere. There were several dashing men of fortune in the regiment newly arrived, and if they seriously laid themselves out for them, they thought it hardly probable but that they should succeed in ensnaring one or two of them at least, aided, as their designs would be, by the pleasant home they had to have them entertained in, and they had known more than one girl married merely through that means.

The friends arrived before them, and an introduction having previously taken place between them and the officers, whom on their arrival Donaghue, with the other gentlemen in the neighbourhood, had paid his compliments to, they joined them, and began parading the room with them, and watching near the entrance, to make their remarks on those who entered.

At length lady Magennis, with several other ladies, besides her daughters, made her appearance, her ladyship liking the *eclat* of a large female party. The young

ladies nodded, and bowed, and smiled, to every one they knew at either side, in a way that betokened them infinitely pleased with themselves, as they advanced into the room, through the, as they hoped and believed, admiring beaux, as their dresses were charming, and of their being so themselves, they never had a doubt. But still the queen of beauty, for so the heart of Donaghue styled and confessed her, came not; and as the minutes fled without bringing her, and preparations began to be made for dancing, he almost began to despair of seeing her, and in consequence was turning from the door, whence, indeed, the fan of lady Magennis had been for some time beckoning him, when he beheld her entering with Mrs. Burros.

The heart of Donaghue fled to her, but his feet were not allowed to obey its impulse. Melville, however, obeyed his feelings, by darting to her the moment she appeared, for the purpose of securing her hand for the first set, which, had he delayed a moment doing, he would have been

disappointed of, from the numerous solicitors for it.

With a sensation of envy Donaghue saw him leading her out, with a glow upon her cheek, that evinced her neither unconscious of, or ungratified by, the general admiration she excited. Mechanically then he proceeded to the Magennis party.

"So you are come at last, you loiterer!" exclaimed her ladyship, as he approached; "had you delayed another minute, you would have lost her, for I could not have continued hiding her, as I have been doing this half-hour, for you;" affectedly withdrawing her fan from between herself and Miss Magennis as she spoke.

Donaghue said something of his gratitude.

"Ay, you should be grateful indeed," said her ladyship, "for all the pains I have taken to guard her for you; and that they should not be thrown away, make sure of her while you can."

Donaghue perfectly comprehended the

real meaning of these words, without appearing however to do so, from certainly having no intention of profiting by them. —" Assuredly," he exclaimed, immediately taking the young lady by the hand, to lead her to the set. But his attention wandered from her. Miss Erin was only separated by a couple or two from them, and the opportunity this afforded him of gazing on her, and witnessing the homage she received from others—for several of the officers, from not being able to procure partners they liked, had declined dancing, and stationed themselves near her, for the pleasure of looking at her, and, having been introduced, of conversing with her, whenever an opportunity occurred—rendered him totally unmindful of every thing else; but, at length, fancying he saw a smile stealing over the features of Miss Erin, from finding his eyes still fastened on her, whenever hers glanced in his direction, he began to recollect himself, and make exertions to enter into chat with his partner.

The young lady, however, was so agreeably engrossed by her own thoughts, that till it was their turn at least to lead off, he might have continued to amuse himself in any manner he pleased without giving her offence. After the decided preference he had shewn her, by asking her for the set, instead of Miss Erin, whom he had such opportunities for securing for it, if he had pleased, it would be ridiculous any longer, she conceived, to doubt what his intentions respecting her were; and accordingly, making as sure now of him as if he had absolutely popped the question, she permitted her imagination to set itself to work, in devising what alterations and improvements she would have made in Altoir-na-Grenie, so as to make it vie in splendour and magnificence with the most celebrated piles in either kingdom.

Donaghue, however, could command himself no longer than till the set was finished, when, conducting the young lady to her mamma, he left her; but, instead of hastening to Miss Erin, joined one of the

officers, and with him again began to perambulate the room.

At length, after a few turns, seeing that Melville was called away from her by lady Magennis, he joined her; and having paid his compliments, in rather an affected manner, he proceeded to ask whether he might take the liberty of inquiring what set she was disengaged for, or if for any?

For the fourth set she was disengaged, Miss Erin replied.

"Indeed! I am so happy to hear that!"

"Really!" and she turned her eyes full upon him, with a look of inquiring solicitude, he thought.

"Yes, for I should have been so disappointed, if, for one set at least——" and he paused purposely, and fancied he saw a little flutter in her bosom, "my friend here," he added, "had not the honour of obtaining your hand for one set—permit me to introduce him."

She bowed, and captain Cautherley was named to her.

Donaghue kept his eyes steadily fixed upon her, while he was presenting him, and fancied he saw a slight variation of colour.

If however she felt any emotion at the disappointment of the expectation he had raised, it was but transient; in a moment her features recovered their expression of smiling vivacity; and after replying to an observation or two of the delighted Cautherley's, she turned to Donaghue, and asked what he thought about the provincial assembly?

Piqued by her manner—the total unconcern it manifested about his assumed indifference towards her, Donaghue could scarcely bring himself to reply to this observation; when he did, it was with carelessness and affectation; but, abruptly addressing captain Cautherley—"Now that I have taken care of you, Cautherley, I must not forget myself. I have secured partners for the two succeeding sets; but if I don't now leave you, I shall probably be at a loss for them for the fourth and

fifth, which, I presume, are as many as are likely to be danced this evening. Come, like a good fellow, cast your eyes round the room, and tell me who you would choose for me."

Cautherley laughed.—" You are not competent then to choose for yourself?"

" Why I don't exactly say that—but then it is so troublesome; but stop," raising his eyeglass affectedly, " that is certainly an attractive creature in blue.—*Adio!*" kissing his hand to Miss Erin, " I must hasten, or I shall probably be too late to secure her."

But the indication of emotion he fancied he had seen in the countenance of Miss Erin, dwelt upon his imagination, and conceiving, if it was as he had imagined, she could not have immediately subdued it, his eyes were continually turned upon her in the course of the succeeding dance, to try if he could read in her looks any confirmation of the flattering supposition; but no, there was nothing in them indicative of any vexation; she appeared

no more anxious than before to shun his eyes, and whenever she encountered them, he was always sure of a good-natured smile. Provoking a frown would have been ten thousand times more agreeable to him, from the belief it would have inspired. But still he persevered in the conduct he had decided on for the evening, till, at length, hopeless of its producing the effect he wished—led to believe she was either in reality indifferent about him, or else had too much pride, too great a command over herself, to allow it to be seen that she was affected by his conduct —he suddenly changed his manner, and began to evince as much solicitude for her notice as he had before indifference about it.

Hastening to her the moment his, now regretted, engagements were over— "Well," he cried, "I am come again, to ask—are you disengaged for this last set, I believe, that will be danced this evening?"

"What! have you another friend to

introduce to me?" she asked, a little archly.

"No, it is for myself I am now come to solicit."

"Indeed! well, I am sorry you did not come before."

"What! you are engaged then?" said Donaghue, in a tone of disappointment; but gently seizing her hand, and pressing it to his bosom—"are you really sorry I did not come sooner?"

"Yes, I am indeed, for you would have saved me from dancing with a person I greatly dislike."

"Thank you!" cried Donaghue, dropping her hand, with a heightened complexion; "the motive for regretting the circumstance is certainly flattering."

"I was not conscious that it could be considered so—but here comes my partner to claim me;" kissing her hand, and rather mimicking the tone in which Donague had uttered the expression *adio!*

Donaghue was more provoked than ever—to have ridicule united to indifference

was too much; yet did he not merit it—had he not provoked it by his affectation? and had he acted differently—had he allowed his real feelings to sway him, how differently might she now have regarded him! and he began to regret and repent, but, after all, without having made up his mind about her, or indeed having any positive idea that he should be induced to think seriously of her, would this have been right. Yet if he had indulged himself in a little particularity to her, would not the eclat his attentions have given compensated for any disappointment of the expectations they might have excited? in short, he persevered in wishing he had not decided on acting as he had done towards her.

More unsettled, more undetermined than ever, from this evening the principal part of every day was passed at Mrs. Burros's. This might not, however, have been the case, but that just at this time Melville was called away, by a letter acquainting him with the illness of his uncle, and

his mother became particularly engaged with an old friend, who was sick, and derived great consolation from her company, so that a dread of their comments or inquiries did not induce him to lay any restraint upon himself. But such were the struggles between pride and inclination, the variations of humour, the inconsistencies of conduct, they occasioned, that had not Miss Erin been a perfect Serena with regard to temper, or else resolutely determined on not letting him have the gratification of thinking he could disturb her tranquillity, she must have evinced some resentment and indignation at his behaviour.

If at one moment he was all that was tender and assiduous, the very next perhaps indifference itself could not have assumed a more cold and distant air—now he seemed as if he could not tear himself away, then as if it was by mere chance he had called, and thought he could never make his escape too soon; and in this way he went on for some time, as if he abso-

lutely knew not what he meant: but might not this apparent indecision with regard to his intentions have originated in lady Jane? the breach of honour he might conceive himself guilty of, if he thought seriously of any one but her? but no—in the first place, he had never made any positive declaration to her, and in the second, even if he had, he should have thought himself fully released from any engagement to her, by the manner in which he heard she had conducted herself since his absence, flirting and coquetting with every man that came in her way, without appearing to retain the slightest recollection of him.

Having, as he imagined, betrayed himself too much one day, in order to do away the supposition which he might have given rise to this day, he chose to absent himself for the two following entirely from Mrs. Burros's. On going the third evening to drink tea there, he was very disagreeably surprised by this lady's telling him she was on the point of losing her

fair guest, since, from never having repeated his visit to her uncle's, her return thither would oblige him either to give up seeing her entirely, or else allow his real motive for now calling there to be surmised; and either was extremely unpleasant to his imagination.—"So soon! so suddenly!" he exclaimed, completely disconcerted by this intimation.

"Not very soon, nor yet very suddenly," said Miss Erin, "for I have now been here upwards of three weeks, and have for some days been thinking of returning."

"But then with an intention of soon coming back, I hope?"

Miss Erin shook her head—"No, I have no such intention. I have received an invitation to a relation's at some distance, where I shall probably remain some time, perhaps indeed till the return of my parents from the Continent."

"Then there is but little chance of our meeting again!" said Donaghue, turning pale.

Miss Erin made no reply to this obser-

vation, but rising, went to the window, and began intertwining the gadding branches of a honeysuckle that grew about it —" For our stay will not be much longer protracted, I am sure," he added, with a deep-drawn sigh.

" Well, but I hope you don't mean this should be your only visit to Altoir-na-Grenie?" said Mrs. Burros; " it would be paying us all a bad compliment, Mr. Donaghue, if you did not intend coming amongst us again. Who knows, but in the course of another year or two we may see you again here!"

" No, ma'am, no," replied Donaghue, in a passionate tone, " that I am sure you will not. I should hate to return here, from the idea of the alterations I should find had taken place in my absence — people married—and——"

" Well, and why should you dislike the idea of seeing your friends married?" asked Mrs. Burros; " I should think it ought to give you pleasure."

" Why, yes, to be sure, only that—

that—with change of name there is often such a change of manner;" and here, at the idea of what he should feel if he returned, to find Miss Erin the wife of another, her smiles, her attentions no longer at her own command, obtruded itself on his imagination; and in unutterable agitation at the thought, he started from his chair, and began pacing the room.

Mrs. Burros was not without a share of shrewdness, no more than other people, and, in consequence, it striking her that she might just as well take herself off as not at the moment, she began fidgetting about the room for a minute or two, as if for something she was at a loss for, and then quietly slipped away.

Miss Erin no sooner perceived what she had done, than provoked at the construction that might be put upon the circumstance, she determined on following her. Accordingly, abruptly addressing herself to Donaghue, she told him he must excuse her leaving him, as she had some preparations to make against her departure

in the morning; but that he would find some books in the room, with which he could amuse himself till Mrs. Burros came back, which of course she would soon do, as it was near the hour for tea.

Without appearing to have heard this observation—"And so this is the concern you feel at our approaching separation!" cried Donaghue, interposing between her and the door; "to leave me without evincing the slightest regard about my feelings—without giving me the least hope of coming back."

"Coming back!" repeated Miss Erin, with a laugh; "and for what should I come back? or why, at least, should you desire it, since you say your own stay here will not be much longer, except indeed you wish me to return to have me exclaim—

> 'The fields, the woods, the streams remain,
> But Damon here I seek in vain."

"No, not on that account," cried Donaghue, half laughing; "no, insensible girl, not on that; but there is no use in

contending with destiny; you are my fate, and——" as he spoke he suddenly caught her in his arms, and ere she had power to make the slightest resistance to the attempt, impressed a fervent kiss upon her beauteous lips.

Glowing with indignant blushes, she at length burst from him, and—"What has provoked this conduct, Mr. O'Brien?" she angrily demanded; "what in mine has led you so entirely to forget the respect due to me on my own account, as well as on your mother's?"

"If I have offended," cried Donaghue, in extreme confusion, "thus I deprecate your anger;" and he attempted to throw himself at her feet, but she prevented him —"No, no," she exclaimed, retreating, "this is idle, this is ridiculous—what am I to infer from your conduct?"

"That my heart, my very life, is devoted to you! that it rests with you to render me the happiest or the most miserable of men."

"I am sorry for it," said Miss Erin, with forced calmness, "for——"

She threw herself upon a seat, and motioned him to take one; but for a few minutes emotion such as he had never before seen her in—such as he had once doubted her being capable of feeling—obliged her to avert her face from him, and rendered her unable to speak; then, evidently making an effort to collect and recover herself—"For the sentiments that led to your recent declaration," she said, "I must thank you; but thanks are the only return I can make for them. Nay, start not away—to prevent what must be unavailing, I wish to be explicit. What woman of common pride or delicacy, allow me to ask, could think of accepting addresses, preceded by no effort to win her esteem, to conciliate her affections, but tendered in such a manner as to indicate a conviction, that, paid as they might be, they would not be rejected?"

"Good God! and of such indelicacy do

you accuse me?" demanded the greatly agitated Donaghue, reddening to the very temples.

"Do I! review your conduct, and then see whether your own heart will not also do so. Yes, I accuse you of acting so, as to intimate a belief that, if once you could make up your mind about me, you had no other difficulty to overcome; for, permit me to ask, before this evening, what intimation was there of any preferable attachment?—a proof that you were at once undecided and confident—undetermined how you might yet like to act with regard to me, but at the same time with a conviction on your mind, that if you at length chose to avow yourself my lover, you need not fear the want of any previous attention occasioning you any disappointment. In giving way to such confidence, you entirely forgot who I was, and what I was; but your doing so has never for an instant made me do so myself. I am not one of those vain creatures that desire a dangling

lover, or would derive any gratification from exhibiting a conquest; but I repel the idea of having it thought I could, unsought, be won! I should indeed be forgetful of what was due to my sex—to myself—to my connexions, if I could possibly justify such a one by my conduct; but, no—even though it had been possible I could have bestowed my regard without any effort having been made to obtain it, yet still would I have spurned your offer with the same disdain I now do."

"Spurned!" repeated Donaghue, with his cheek again flushing to the deepest crimson.

"Yes—the expression may be strong, and I regret being impelled to use such a one to the son of Mrs. O'Brien; but if my language wounds your ear, how has your conduct," and her voice faltered a little, "wounded my feelings! To be uncontrolled master of your actions with regard to me, and yet to—to treat me in such a manner! to——" and, spite of her efforts to suppress them, a shower of tears burst

from her brilliant eyes; "but, no matter," rising from her chair in extreme agitation, as she covered her face with her handkerchief, "you have given me an opportunity of fully explaining myself; and, from this hour let this scene be forgotten, for not for any consideration would I have us the cause of any coolness, any breach in the friendship that has so long existed between our mothers; should we therefore meet again," again her voice for a moment hesitated, "let it be without any appearance of pique or resentment."

"Resentment!" cried Donaghue, distractedly striking his forehead; "oh that I could hope it might! but no—you give me no hope—you drive me to despair! oh! if you could look into my heart at this moment—if you could see the feelings with which your reproaches, worse than daggers, have transfixed it—I think you might—you must——"

"Hush!" interrupted Miss Erin, "I think I hear Mrs. Burros coming; don't

let her see you in this agitation. I may not be able to come down to tea; lest I should not, accept my farewell now, and with it my wishes for your happiness. I regret not being able to take a personal leave of Mrs. O'Brien; could I have put off returning, I should have done so for that purpose, but I shall write to explain this to her myself. Adieu!" and kissing her hand to him, she vanished from his sight.

But in what a state of mind did she leave him! He listened, and fancying he heard, as she had asserted, Mrs. Burros approaching, he snatched up his hat, and sprung through the window to avoid her, for he was distracted, unable to regain any immediate command over himself, and dashed forward, over brook, through briar, without knowing or caring whither, till he found himself at a considerable distance from the cottage; he then slackened his pace, to try and collect himself, but how vain the effort! his mind was all a chaos; he had not only to deplore the loss of the

only woman he had ever loved, but to deplore its being through his own egregious folly and insolent presumption. Had it been through the intervention of arbitrary friends, or any of those common obstacles that so frequently impede the happiness of united hearts, he still might have found consolation under the circumstance, from the belief of her esteem and regard; but with the conviction of what it was owing to, how unendurable the anguish it occasioned! Surely he must have been mad, utterly deprived of reason at the time, or he could not have thought of acting as he had done—could not have so entirely forgot, as she had observed, what was due to her—to her who, from so many united considerations, her rank in life, her beauty, her accomplishments, was entitled to such deference, such admiration, and respect. To treat her as if he was an eastern tyrant, and she a creature of his harem, whom it was only requisite to signify his pleasure to, to have at his com-

mand—no wonder she spurned him. The more he reviewed his conduct, the more he admired the proper sense of dignity that had made her do so, and assert herself. He stamped, he raved, at the idea of the light in which she must consider him; but why had he allowed her to leave him, till he had made a further effort to appease her offended pride? but how useless would have been the effort! he was convinced she was not to be forced into any thing she disliked.

Would that he had never come over! he frantically exclaimed; yet might not happiness, far beyond his deserts, have been the result, predisposed as was Miss Erin to like him, through the influence of her mother, but through his own conduct, the arrogant, the overweening idea he had allowed himself to imbibe of his own pretensions, and the false prejudices he had given way to; his mother, his friend, had warned him of what would probably be the consequences of these, but

he had scoffed at the warning till it was too late.

He continued wandering about, utterly regardless of the approach of night, or perhaps unconscious of it, for his mind was in a complete fever. The light in which Miss Erin had forced him to contemplate himself was not passively to be endured, and he continued straying about, as if he hoped by motion to lose the keen sense of agony that oppressed him. Had his mother been at home, a fear of creating her uneasiness might have occurred to recall him to recollection, but at the earnest request of the sick friend already mentioned, she was gone to pass a few days with her, so there was nothing to do so.

At length, utterly exhausted by emotion, he plunged amidst the thickets at the entrance of the pass to the castle, and threw himself upon the grass. Here, on this very spot, had the fair Eveleen, but a few nights before, on her way back to Mrs. Burros's, paused, leaning on his arm, to listen to the rolling of the torrent be-

low, and gaze upon the sparkling host of heaven, with the queen of the silver bow, riding to her highest noon, and pouring down a flood of glory on this nether scene. But never more should he feel the soft pressure of her hand upon his arm—never more should he hear the music of her voice—never more have an opportunity of gazing on that angelic countenance, declaring her but a descended spirit from the bright regions she contemplated. No—or if he did, it would be but to see those lovely eyes beaming with tenderness on another—to see another entitled to her endearments, her caresses! and at the maddening thought he again struck his burning forehead, and pressed his writhing form against the earth, as if he had wished to force an opening in it to hide himself; and here the morning might have found him, but for his faithful Cormick, who, on the waning of the night without bringing him, became so alarmed as to set out in quest of him.

Donaghue was new to vexation, or af-

fliction of any kind, and he bore the first experience of either with all the impatience natural to an ardent temper yet undisciplined by trials. The period was to come, in which he would be quiescent under them, and yield without struggling to what seemed to be his destiny.

Cormick, like his countrymen in general, and indeed most men of his age and complexion, was a great admirer of the fair, and Miss Caty Magloghan having what he called, and she certainly herself thought, a good face of her own, he sometimes met her, by accidental appointment, in the neighbourhood of the cottage. On this evening one of these meetings took place, but not till after Donaghue's departure; and it was in consequence of some information which Caty obtained the power of giving him, by being within at the time of the scene above described, between Donaghue and Miss Erin, that Cormick experienced the alarm we have alluded to, for Caty had a most excellent pair of ears, which a very considerable portion of curi-

osity in her composition induced her sometimes to use in a way that was not perhaps strictly correct, but which certainly enabled her to give a good deal of secret intelligence, had it been required from her.

Brooding over what she told him, Cormick, as the night advanced, could no longer control his anxiety about his master. He accordingly sallied out, and striking into one of the upper paths of the pass, instead of proceeding along the bottom, in consequence of a slight overflow of the river, through some recent rains, he discovered him, by nearly stumbling over him—"And is it here you are lying!" he cried, "on the cold damp earth, with nothing but the sky over you! ah! then, Mr. Donaghue, is it wanting to be killing yourself you are, and breaking the hearts of your parents! I wonder what the mistress would say if she saw you here."

"Is that you, Cormick?" asked Donaghue, as if rousing himself from a state of insensibility.

"Is it me! *musha!* to be sure it is; but

come, come," and he raised, or rather dragged him up; "och, was there ever any thing like this! here your hand is burning like a coal, and yet you are shivering and shaking as if you were in an ague!—*musha!* Altoir-na-Grenie, if it is sickness we are to get by visiting you, much as we like you, *ourselves* wishes we had never come back to you."

Leaning on his arm, for his frame was so tremulous from emotion, he had hardly power to support himself, Donaghue reached the castle, where, without the smallest resistance on his part, Cormick got him immediately to bed. But scarce had his head been laid on the pillow, ere, starting up, he commanded him to bring him his writing-desk—"For I will write to her," he cried; "yes, I will in this way explain what she has made me suffer—what she is making me suffer, by her cruel scorn!"

"Is it bring the desk to you in bed!" said Cormick; "ah, *musha!* what vagaries are these?"

"Scoundrel! do you dare to disobey me!" cried Donaghue, in a tone unusual with him, for, with all his faults, that of insolence or unkindness to inferiors or dependents was not to be numbered, raising himself up, as if to leap from the bed.

"Be aisy—be aisy!" said Cormick, restraining him, "and you shall have what you want; but, oh, *musha!*" he muttered to himself, in a low tone, as he turned away to get the desk, "if this is what we get by being in love, if I don't keep myself out of the mess, 'tis no matter—Miss Caty, nor Miss Judy, nor any Miss of them all, shall be making me lose my reason, or break my heart."

But the desk was brought to no purpose to Donaghue—his hand trembled, his head was dizzy, and after scrawling a few unintelligible lines, he bid Cormick take it away, and sunk back exhausted on the pillow; but hardly had his head been again rested on it, when again starting up, and pulling back the curtain which Cormick had drawn to shade the light from

him—" Spurned! did she not say? ay, was not that the word?" unconsciously fastening his eyes upon Cormick, as if addressing a question to him.

" Then if she did, more shame for her!" cried Cormick; " spurn—spurn an O'Brien, and the very prince of the O'Briens too!"

" What's that you say?" demanded Donaghue with quickness; " let me but hear a disrespectful word against that angel, and I will drive from the face of the earth the man from whom it proceeds! Oh, she is above all praise! it is I alone that merit censure—that merit blame!" and he threw himself, in all the bitterness of softening grief, back on the pillow.

To the great relief of Cormick, his mother, who had been nurse to Donaghue, and was now almost every thing in the castle, now appeared with a jug of hot white wine whey, the principal part of which Donaghue, through their united means, being induced to swallow, it soon had the desired effect, that of throwing

him into a deep sleep, from which he woke in the morning perfectly collected, but with a heaviness of heart, a feeling of wretchedness, that was not endurable.

Again he thought of writing to Miss Erin; but soon becoming convinced that he was not at present competent to doing so in the manner he wished, he finally decided on another interview with her, not without a hope, as he regarded himself in the glass, that his pallid looks would have some effect upon her.

How much did he now miss Melville, and of course deplore his absence! since, had he been with him, he would have employed him as a mediator between them, and that without any fear of his ridicule, for however Melville might now and then amuse himself with a little trifling or teasing, it was only where there was no sorrow or vexation; his was a spirit indeed as kind as it was generous—such a one as made him consider no effort of friendship could be too great for the man he called his friend.

But Donaghue might have spared himself the pains he a little artfully took in giving a disordered appearance to his dark hair, such as he conceived likely to heighten the effect of his pale looks, for Miss Erin was gone—had departed that morning at daybreak; and his reception from Mrs. Burros was so extremely cold, that he had not courage to utter a word on the subject next his heart.

The fact was, the good lady had had a quarrel with her young friend, on his account, and felt so angry with him, for having been the cause of what she soon regretted, as to be unable to receive him in her usual manner. Deeply interested in her welfare, and, like many others in the neighbourhood, believing that the fears of sir Walter had magnified the danger of his son, and that consequently there was very little chance of her father succeeding to a fortune that would enable him to give her one, she could not bear to think of her having refused such an offer as she imagined Donaghue's—more especially as

she knew it was through a report of their being engaged, invidiously propagated by the Magennises, on finding all chance of obtaining him themselves was over, that other admirers, not less unexceptionable, had not come forward, more especially the commanding officer of the regiment, recently arrived, a man of rank, and one or two other gentlemen of fortune, immediately belonging to the neighbourhood. Not, however, from the lips of Miss Erin did she learn what so provoked her with her at the moment, but through her having repaired to a room adjoining the parlour on quitting it; not, we must presume, from knowing that it was impossible for her to be there without overhearing every thing that passed in the apartment it communicated with, but entirely through chance.

The reproaches she uttered, on what she termed her fastidious folly, Miss Erin was not exactly in a frame of mind to bear with composure. There had been a struggle that had rendered it sore, and perhaps

a little irritable at the moment, and the consequence was her resenting them in a manner that led to a slight coolness, at either side, at parting.

But hardly was she gone, ere Mrs. Burros was all repentance for having given her any cause of offence, more particularly as, on reviewing her conduct, she could not but admire and approve of it. But, if angry with herself, it may readily be imagined she was infinitely more so with the person who had occasioned what she regretted; her reception, accordingly, of Donaghue was what we have described.

Suffering the uneasiness and vexation she did through his means, Miss Erin might well have exclaimed, that till she saw him, what indeed was the case,

> "Clear and serene my life's calm current ran,
> While scarce a breezy wish provok'd its tide;
> Down the smooth flood, the tuneful passions fell
> In easy lapse, and slumber'd as they pass'd:
> Now what a change is wrought—oh, love! in age
> Thou art indeed a child, in power a god."

Love! and is it possible that the vain, the arrogant, the fastidious Donaghue

O'Brien could have inspired a feeling of love in such a mind as Miss Erin's! But were there no qualities to make amends for what was offensive? no lights as well as shades in the picture? or, in the words of the historian, was only one side of the medal to be viewed? He was vain, arrogant, presumptuous, in the drawing-room; but she had traced him from the drawing-room to the cabin, and the lip that was curved by pride in one place, she had discovered trembled with emotion in another; and could he, who had a heart to feel for others, to whom neither the clamorous voice of wo, or the silent and more touching tear of misery never appealed in vain—who even, at the very moment his cheek was flushed with gratified vanity, could yet fly the scene in which, he was but too conscious, he shone unequalled, to give comfort to the wretched in the squallid hut of poverty, be utterly unamiable? No, impossible! and was it not evident from this, that example and adulation, more than disposition, were the cause

of what was censurable; and thinking this, and previously disposed to feel an interest for him, and realizing, as he did, every idea she had formed of manly beauty and elegance, is it surprising that, in a degree, her gentle heart was yielded to him? But offended pride got the better of tenderness, for she "what was honour knew—nor would unsought be won;", yielding to its dictates, therefore, she left him to his own, with a determination of making every exertion to banish his idea from her mind.

Donaghue, the utterly disconsolate Donaghue, had scarcely regained the castle, ere his mother returned from her charitable visit. The moment she cast her eyes upon him, she was struck with the alteration in his looks, and eagerly inquired whether he was ill? or any thing had happened to disturb him?

Donaghue replied in the negative; but his looks contradicted the assertion; and she was proceeding to question him more closely, when the letter Miss Erin had mentioned her intention of writing to her,

to apologize and express her regret at not having been able to wait her return to take leave of her, arrived, and by its perusal accounted for what had so alarmed her in the appearance of Donaghue.

He had allowed her then to depart, without coming to the explanation with her he wished, for she had all along surmised what his real sentiments for her were, and he now repented having done so. Well, but there was comfort in the thought, that she was not gone to such a distance as to render this impossible, and she immediately set about explaining what she thought, and administering the comfort afforded by this reflection.

Donaghue listened to her with the most poignant feelings, and something like a determination to conceal from her the truth; but as she proceeded, his anguish becoming too great for control, he suddenly started from the seat she had made him take beside her, and with all the vehemence of passion—"Oh that it were as you imagine!" he cried; "but no, no! I have ru-

ined, I have undone myself with her, and to follow her would be useless!"

Mrs. O'Brien became greatly alarmed, and looked fearfully at him for an explanation. He had gone too far to recede, and was perhaps not sorry that he had done so, from the relief the anguished heart anticipates, in unclosing itself to a real friend.

His mother forced herself to listen with calmness to him; but had she obeyed the impulse of her feelings, she could not have avoided reproaching him as he proceeded, but the anguish he evidently laboured under prevented her. To offend the daughter of her dearest friend, lose the chance of possessing so lovely a being, nothing but a dread of driving him to desperation, did she express what she felt, could have hindered her. But at length the natural feelings of the mother got the better of anger and resentment, and throwing her arms round his neck, she fondly kissed his faded cheek, and bade him not despair, as she would try what she could do for him.

Hardly were the words uttered, when

a letter from England was delivered; and ere the emotion it had excited, requiring as it did their immediate presence there, had in any degree subsided, Mrs. Burros came literally bursting into the room, to say that the packet that had brought it over had also brought intelligence of the death of young Erin, and a messenger from Mr. Erin, to conduct his daughter to the Continent, in consequence of the wish of his uncle, who could not, yet awhile at least, be prevailed on to quit the place where his son had died, to see her; and thus was an end put to the intentions of Mrs. O'Brien, for, from the melancholy anticipations the letter just received led her to form, and the announced reverse in Miss Erin's prospects, it was impossible for her now to think of carrying them into effect; and could she have indulged the idea, the pride of Donaghue would have prevented her; for, after acting as he had done towards Miss Erin, what now would probably be thought, or, rather, must to a certainty, of his being eagerly solicitous for

her hand? and, maddening as was the thought of having lost her, he preferred the endurance of its torture to incurring the degrading imputation of sordid selfishness.

He knew himself incapable of any mean or sordid consideration; but the world must and would judge from appearances; and since he could not, without incurring its contempt, make an effort to obtain what he had seemed to slight, when he might have sought it with honour, he determined to submit quietly to his fate, nor make an effort to pass the gulf that fortune, smiling at one side, and frowning on the other, had placed between them.

His mother could not but approve his sentiments—they were in unison with her own. Yet it cannot be denied, that her regret at what had occurred was heightened by the consideration, that had he acted differently, he might now have been secure of affluence, let what would happen to his father; for if Miss Erin had entered into any engagement with him, for which

she had her parents' permission, ere their departure, she knew their principles of honour and liberality too well, not to know that no change of circumstances could have induced them to make her break it; but the smiling hour he had let slip him—the favouring tide to take a turn unattended to; and what the trials were to which, in consequence, he might be exposed, Heaven only knew.

But it was requisite that she should give a truce to reflection, in order that preparations should be made for their departure. They were soon completed; but, just as they were on the point of setting out, Mrs. O'Brien became so ill, through agitation, that she was compelled to let Donaghue depart without her; and who left Cormick behind him, in order to attend her over as soon as she was able to travel.

CHAPTER V.

"Our youth is like the dream of the hunter on the hill of heath—he sleeps in the mild beams of the sun, but he awakes amidst a storm; the red lightning flies around, and the trees shake their heads to the wind."

On the departure of his wife and son, Mr. O'Brien became gloomy and abstracted. He dreaded the postman's knock at the door, lest the letter he brought might be from either one or the other, containing an account of the sad discovery of his deranged affairs. He often cast his eyes upon a case of pistols, that hung over the fireplace, in his study; but still a warning voice within checked any fearful idea they might have suggested—thoughts and reflections like his one naturally wishes to fly from, however better it might be to try and endure them, for the purpose of seeing what is best to be done.

Having gone one evening to the play-house, for the purpose of diverting them, he met with a friend, as he termed every acquaintance, who proposed, on the conclusion of the entertainment, their adjourning to a tavern to supper.

Mr. O'Brien readily consented, glad of any thing that could delay his return home; but the spirits he was wont to carry to such places he wanted. The alteration in his manner soon struck his companion, and by dint of kind professions he drew from him the cause of his distraction of mind and melancholy.

On his curiosity being satisfied—"For a man of your sense, and knowledge of the world, to be so cast down by trifles—how ridiculous! I really should not have thought of such a thing."

"Trifles! what, a ruined fortune, anticipated privations, and the consequent loss of that high estimation I have hitherto maintained in society?"

"Pooh! let a man but have his liberty, and there is nothing he may not retrieve."

"As how?"

"Attend, and you shall learn."

Attend O'Brien did, with the utmost anxiety and impatience, and the result was his becoming a decided gambler. It certainly was a character he had hitherto detested, but he was now enticed to incur it, by a fallacious hope of being able to retrieve his fortune. The variations of humour, and strangeness of conduct it occasioned, did not long escape the notice of the faithful attendant that had been left with him, the father of Cormick, who, in the double capacity of butler and valet, had accompanied him to England: under the pretext of his person not being safe (being no longer in parliament) from his creditors, and that of course he could not venture abroad in daytime, he never rose till nine at night, when he dressed, dined, and went abroad, but without ever returning till broad daylight; and this mode of acting so alarmed his faithful servant, that he at length took the liberty of following

him, and by this means discovering the manner in which he passed the night, and that the house to which he had been allured was the haunt of a set of the most noted sharpers about town, he conceived it requisite, as an act of bounden duty, to immediately apprize his family of what was going on, and the absolute necessity there was for their speedy return.

Mr. O'Brien's pleasure at seeing his son, when relieved by his manner from the apprehension of hearing any thing disagreeable from him, was truly sincere; and on Donaghue's suggesting how delighted his mother would be, if, instead of giving her the trouble and fatigue of coming over, he forthwith returned with him to Ireland, he readily acquiesced in the plan, but on this condition, that his son, being now of age, should join him in a security for a certain sum of money he wanted to raise. This was unhesitatingly agreed to, Mr. O'Brien solemnly promising that the moment he obtained it, and of course the power of settling some pressing demands,

which he had pledged his honour he would not leave the kingdom without first discharging, he would set out with him. The needful instructions were given to his attorney, and no delay whatever permitted in the business; Donaghue wrote over to his mother, to prevent her coming, and every thing was shortly arranged for their departure.

On the evening previous to it, his father left him under a trifling pretext, but with a promise of being back almost immediately with him. Hour after hour, however, passed away, without bringing him, and Donaghue at length became so restless and unhappy, from a suspicion of the cause to which he imputed the failure of his promise, that he could not forbear summoning old Cormick, to impart his uneasiness to him.

Much as the old man regretted saying any thing that could increase it, he could not help doing so now, by candidly acknowledging it was his opinion his master

had no serious intention of going to Ireland.

"What, after what has passed!" cried Donaghue, somewhat indignantly, for he knew he was aware of the late transaction; "sure you cannot think he would deceive or disappoint me!"

The old man shook his head—"You must forgive me, my dear young master," he said; "who once thought more highly of my dear master than I did? and still, if he had not got amongst such a set—but—but—I can say no more than that I have my fears."

Donaghue required to hear no more—his blood was on fire at the idea of being deceived on a point that so nearly concerned the happiness of his mother. Snatching up his hat, he desired Cormick to lead the way to the house his father frequented.

The old man obeyed without hesitation, thinking the shame his master must feel at being surprised in such a place by his son, would be likely to have a salutary effect on him.

On reaching it, Donaghue, after a few

forms, perhaps a little artifice, obtained admission. On entering the room he was introduced into, the first person he beheld was his unfortunate father, evidently in a state that rendered him incapable of any thing like cool judgment, and surrounded by a set of fellows, whose looks and appearance altogether proclaimed their avocation; the scene filled Donaghue with horror and disgust, and had he been uninterested in it, he would instantly have withdrawn with abhorrence.

Several minutes elapsed, during which he made observations that would hardly allow of his maintaining any command over his temper, ere his father noticed him; when at length he did, not even the state he was in could prevent his being overwhelmed with confusion at being detected there. Quickly, however, recovering from this, in a voice indicative of the rage he felt at the discovery that had taken place, he demanded of Donaghue what his business was there, and how he had presumed,

as his following him thither indicated being the case, to watch his movements?

Donaghue appeared not to hear the question, but began at once, soothingly and respectfully, to try and persuade him to return home. Persuasion however was useless, and only served still further to irritate him; Donaghue, however, was determined that nothing should induce him to leave the place without him, or lose sight of him for an instant.

At length, seeing him depositing a sum of money that it was madness to risk, he could not forbear exclaiming against such conduct. Unfortunately for him, while remonstrating, his father threw, and lost, and in absolute frenzy at having done so, he started up, and seizing a stick that lay beside him in a corner, made a violent push with it at his son, in order to get him from his chair, and in so doing plunged a sword into his body, for in this way one had been smuggled into the gambling-room, so contrived as on the slightest pressure at the top, or shaking of the stick,

to dart out with a velocity that gave resistless force to it.

Donaghue staggered back a few paces, and fell to the ground. The gamesters, in terrible consternation, instantly extinguished the lights, and fled, leaving the unfortunate youth weltering in his gore.

Expecting every moment the return of father and son, Cormick thought not of retiring to repose; but when, contrary to his expectations, hour after hour passed away without bringing them, his uneasiness became so great, that he could no longer refrain from repairing to the gaming-house. Day was by this time just dimly breaking, and on reaching it, he could scarcely doubt, from being unable to discover the smallest glimpse of light in it, that it was shut up, yet elsewhere he knew not to seek or inquire after his masters.

While in extreme perplexity, considering what he should do, he was accosted by a watchman's inquiring what was the matter? Cormick candidly informed him, upon which the other advised him, since he

had taken the trouble of coming, not to mind the place appearing to be shut up, but to try and obtain the information he required at it.

Accordingly Cormick proceeded to knock, but on raising the knocker the door gave way, instead of being barricadoed, being left merely a-jar, owing, no doubt, to the confusion of the affrighted wretches that had been within.

Convinced by this that there was something or other wrong there, the watchman had no hesitation in entering the house with him. They listened and called, but no one replied, nor could they hear the slightest movement. After examining all the lower apartments, they proceeded up stairs, and here, in the first room they turned into, amidst heaps of cards, and overturned chairs and tables, for in the hurry of escape nothing was attended to, Donaghue was discovered drenched in his blood. The horror of this sight completely suspended the faculties of the old man; he was dropping on the floor, when the

watchman called out to him to take courage, for he had examined the body, and found there was life still in it. Other assistance was immediately procured, and Donaghue conveyed home, where surgical aid was of course obtained without delay, and poor Cormick rescued from absolute despair, by an assurance that the chief danger to be apprehended from what had happened was from loss of blood.

But where was his unhappy master all this time? anxiety for the son could not for an instant supersede the anxiety he felt about the father, and in agony of mind not to be described, he persevered in his inquiries after him, aided by the officers of the different police establishments, but all without avail. But as if this was not enough to distract him, he knew not what excuse was to be made to his mistress, for being disappointed of seeing her husband and son as soon as she expected. At length it occurred to him to leave it to his son to frame one, and to whom he forthwith accord-

ingly wrote, transmitting to him of course the particulars of all that had happened, and acquainting him with the cruel incertitude he remained in concerning the fate of his master.

In the hopes inspired of Donaghue's recovery he was not deceived—even sooner than he had expected he was proclaimed out of danger. No sooner was Donaghue sufficiently recovered to recollect every thing, than his first inquiry was after his father.

Cormick, well aware of the fatal effect which a disclosure of the truth might have upon him, assured him he was well, but that his agitation was so great whenever he entered the chamber, that by the advice of the surgeon, lest it should be any disturbance to him (Donaghue), he had exerted himself to keep him from it. All things considered, Donaghue could not wonder at this, and for the present indeed conceived it better they should be kept apart.

Cormick could not but be curious to know how he came by his wound. Dona-

ghue satisfied him in a way that led him wide of the mark. Completely imposed on by the old man, he was continually sending the kindest messages by him to his father—assurances that he had no doubt he should soon be able to set off for Altoir-na-Grenie, and that he hoped he would take care that no want of health or spirits on his side should delay the journey.

Poor Cormick's emotion at receiving these messages was often so great, as to oblige him to hurry from the room, lest of betraying prematurely the deception he had practised.

At length Donaghue was able to leave his bed, but the joy Cormick would have felt at the circumstance was prevented by the explanation that must now soon follow, but as long as possible he determined on putting off the dreaded hour. Donaghue felt himself so weak on the first day of his rising, that he did not press as much to see his father as Cormick had feared.

His faithful attendant was called away from him, and he was sitting in the evening

by a window, for the benefit of the air, the house being in one of the large fashionable squares at the west end of the town, and his room a front one, when he saw a crowd of people approaching the house, in the centre of which was the body of a man, stretched upon a bier. The heart of Donaghue instantly misgave him; he rose, and tottering down the stairs, reached the hall just as the bier was set down, and the appalling cry of Cormick confirmed the dire apprehension that had brought him thither.

For a considerable time he knew nothing farther of what passed. When he recovered——but how impossible to give any adequate idea of the complicated horrors of his mind! Yet he would hope—he would believe—if he did not, madness might be the consequence — that it was, as the inquest that sat upon the body seemed to believe, that it was by accident his father had met his fate. The body had been found in the Thames, and from the circumstance of his watch and money be-

ing found with the deceased, this was the verdict. But who should disclose the dreadful tidings to his unhappy mother! He felt the absolute necessity of either breaking them himself, or at least being at hand when some other person undertook the melancholy task. This conviction induced him to make exertions which, perhaps, nothing else could have done—it was his determination to take the body of his father over to Ireland for interment, but not to let it be removed from the house till he could accompany it, which, from the weak state he was still in, he did not think could possibly be the case for a few days.

Cormick no sooner understood what his determination was, than, with tears rolling down his furrowed cheeks—"Why must I pain you, my dear master?" he cried; "but it is my duty to tell you, that the most prudent plan to be pursued will be to let the funeral take place without delay, lest of the body being arrested."

"Arrested! the body arrested!" exclaimed Donaghue, in a tone of horror.

Cormick shook his head—"Such acts have been, and may be again; for however their legality may be, and has indeed been recently disputed, yet still there will be found people hardy enough, and barbarous enough, to venture on them; take my advice, therefore, I beseech you."

"Good God! what a world!" cried Donaghue; "what, not death even allowed to keep his prey in quietness! but what is to be done! at this instant I have not strength enough to walk across the room. Yet supposing what you fear were to happen, could I not redeem the body, by satisfying the creditors that I possess—amply possess, the power of discharging their several demands?"

The old man cast a look of anguish at him, and clasping his hands—"Oh! why then must I give you so much pain?" he cried; "and oh that it had fallen to any other person's lot than mine to do so! but it must be told, the sad truth—your father

has been the means of depriving you and my dear, dear lady, of almost all."

Donaghue started in the wildest dismay, at the idea of distress to his mother.—"Explain! how can that be?" he cried, awakened to the keenest solicitude to the matter on her account—"the family estates, you know, being entailed."

"They were—they were; but on that fatal day you signed the papers prepared for your signature, as you thought for a very different business, you joined with him in cutting off the entail, thus leaving him at liberty to dispose of them as he pleased, and of which he did not fail to take advantage. Oh that I had known in time what he was about, that I might have tried to prevent such a wicked act!"

Donaghue cast his eyes despairingly to heaven, yet the sharpest pang perhaps he felt at the moment was owing to the cruel deception his father had practised on him; but he was gone, and for having for a moment thought reproachfully of him, he experienced almost a sensation of remorse.

At length—"The cup is bitter," he cried; "but since I must drink of it, let it be done without murmuring; but what is to be done to prevent what you fear? for I shall be miserable if I do not take over the body to Ireland."

Cormick deliberated for a few minutes, and then said he would proceed to an undertaker whom he knew, to consult with him on the business. The result of this consultation was an arrangement for the removal of the body at midnight to the undertaker's, there to remain till all matters were settled for its final removal.

Completely overcome by the shocks he had met with, Donaghue, on the departure of Cormick about this melancholy business, threw his exhausted frame on a sofa, where he gradually sunk into a kind of sleep; from this he was roused by the low trampling of feet near where he lay; he opened his eyes, and instinctively looked round him, but the room was by this time involved in a darkness that rendered it

impossible for him to distinguish any thing within it.

While he was listening, scarcely conscious whether he was awake or asleep, for his brain was feverish and confused by all he had gone through, the door of the adjoining apartment was, by some accident, thrown open, and he saw several, to him, strange-looking figures in black moving about it. At length they began to form a procession, preceded by Cormick bearing a light, and he clearly saw they were bearing away the body of his father. He waited to see no more—starting from the couch, he rushed wildly towards them, and, in a transport of delirium, seizing the pall, arrested their progress.—"Whither are you going?" he cried; "whither are you bearing the body of my father? It cannot, it must not, be interred here, in this land, that has been the cause of all our sorrows! that has reduced us to the shameful necessity of having the remains of my parent stolen forth from his home

at midnight, as if that of a felon from the just sentence of the law."

The violence of the transport was too much for him, his hand relaxed its hold, and he fell to the floor. Cormick had him conveyed to bed, and leaving an attendant with him, took advantage of the circumstance to have the body removed without further delay.

The necessity of exertion was too great not to induce Donaghue to make it. In the course of a few days a vessel was heard of, bound to the neighbourhood of Altoir-na-Grenie, and in this he and Cormick embarked with the body.

On the eve of their embarkation, a letter was dispatched from Cormick to his son, apprizing him when they might be expected, and giving him instructions to have every thing prepared for the funeral, with as much privacy as possible, on account of the feelings of Mrs. O'Brien.

What the feelings of Donaghue were, during this melancholy passage, may easily be conceived. As if to sorrow for one

parent was not enough, his soul was tortured with grief and alarm for the other. Cormick informed him of what he had done for breaking the terrible business to her, and which he entirely approved of; but how she had borne the communication was not known, no answer having been received by Cormick from his son, though there had been time enough to have allowed of one; and the most fearful presages in consequence took possession of the mind of Donaghue.

At length, after a passage of some days, the vessel cast anchor in the magnificent bay near Altoir-na-Grenie. Cormick immediately landed, to see that every thing was got ready by night for the funeral; but Donaghue remained on board, unwilling to have any meeting with his mother, lest it should occasion any delay in it, that might be the means of still further agonizing her feelings.

When the bustle attendant on casting anchor was over, Donaghue ascended to the deck. The sun was setting in a flood

of glory, and as he sat, lost in melancholy, the clouds of evening, tinged with its gorgeous hues, seemed to condense around him into the forms of stately towers, hills, and mountains, with a silvery river flowing at their feet. The mourner almost forgot himself, in gazing on the magic scene; but, while he yet gazed upon it, it began to fade, and change, and gradually die away, in the cold dark grey of usurping twilight.

"What an emblem of human hopes!" sighed Donaghue, as he watched the rapid change; "while yet rejoicing in their brightness, thus do they fade and die away, leaving nought but the gloom of disappointment, or the chilliness of despair, behind them!"

But as the shades of evening deepened round him, the moon began to exhibit herself in the east, and shed that softened light, that yet sooths while it seems to deepen the melancholy of the stricken heart. How beautiful was the rippling of the restless waves beneath her beams—

how solemn the gigantic shadows she produced—and how impressively did the stillness of the hour accord with the shadowy scene she created! The few sailors that remained on board were quietly leaning over the sides of the vessel; and the romantic coast was as silent as if unknown to the foot of man. The light fell full upon the ancient towers of Altoir-na-Grenie; and how finely did the pale and mournful ray harmonize with those decaying towers! but the spell of enchantment was dissolved the moment Donaghue cast his eyes upon them, and thought of what was now enduring within them, and of the scene that awaited him there; and, as if this was not enough, the idea of a meeting with a widowed mother, in all the wild extravagance of grief, his soul was still further torn and tortured by a dread of the repose and quiet her sorrows needed, being soon denied her; for, from what he had heard, he knew not how soon or by whom this, now their only home, might be claimed and wrested from them.

His anxiety about his mother was so great, as at last to render him restless and impatient for the return of Cormick. At length a boat pushed off from the shore —and Cormick presently after stepping into the vessel, acquainted him that every thing was ready for the interment, and matters managed in such a way, as he might be sure would prevent any disagreeable gathering.

" But my mother ?" demanded the agitated youth, " what of my mother ?"

The old man, half averting his face, tried to evade the question.

" I must be told," cried Donaghue, grasping his arm ; " my feelings are not of a description to be trifled with. There is nothing you can tell me that can more torture me than the suspense I see you are inclined to keep me in."

Cormick, finding it in vain to try and put off the distressing tidings he had to communicate till after the funeral, as he wished to have done, now reluctantly informed him, that his mother, overpowered

by grief, or perhaps the suddenness of the shock she had met with, was then in a kind of lethargic state, that scarcely admitted any hope of her recovery; for it seems poor Terence, utterly unable, from its violent effect upon his feelings, to attend to the caution prescribed in his father's letter, gave utterance, on its perusal, to such doleful cries and lamentations as, reaching the ears of Mrs. O'Brien, brought her down to inquire the cause.

While asking, she espied the letter on the floor, where, in the height of his distraction, he had thrown it; and, ere an effort could be made to prevent her, she eagerly snatched it up, and, at one glance, taking in its terrible contents, sank lifeless on the ground; in which state she was conveyed to bed, from which she had never since risen.

Donaghue listened with anguish, that was hardly to be controlled, to this sad intelligence; and then, retiring to his cabin, remained there till summoned to the boat, that was to take him to shore.

The moment he landed, a mourning cloak was thrown over him, and the procession began to move, consisting of a few of the oldest of the tenantry and their families; four of them carried the body, for they had not far to go, and wished to avoid the parade of a hearse, lest of attracting too much attention; and four of them supported the pall. The moon alone illumed their road, and they passed on with a silence well calculated to heighten the solemnity of the feelings natural on such an occasion.

As they drew near the church, the bell struck out. Donaghue felt the toll reverberate through his heart, for was it not the summons of his father to the grave? At the sound, the birds of night, that nestled in the ancient steeple, began hooting and screaming, and flapping their heavy wings about it, giving, by their dismal cries, a dreariness to the scene not conceivable. At the entrance of the church, which was partially lit for the occasion, the body was met by the clergyman, and, af-

ter the usual part of the burial-service previous to the interment was gone through, conveyed to the vault belonging to the family.

This ancient burial-place of the O'Briens adjoined the church, and was covered over by a kind of shrine, or chapel, in which, in former times, it was customary for masses for the souls of the departed to be said. It still retained vestiges of the purpose to which it had once been devoted, and, altogether, from its damp and decayed appearance, and the ghastly imitations of life it contained, in some old monumental effigies, was well adapted to strike a chill and sadness to the soul, when seen at least by the flickering and partial light that now gave it to the view.

"And oh, Death!" Donaghue could not help involuntarily exclaiming to himself, as he felt its effect upon his sinking soul, "dreary are thy regions! and well we need to recollect thou art a passport to rest and happiness, to be enabled to face thy terrors with steadiness!"

But at length the mournful ceremony was over—"Earth to earth!" "dust to dust!" was solemnly pronounced—the attendants dispersed, the clergyman offered his condolements—and Donaghue, leaning on the arm of Terence, took the way to the castle. As he approached it, what a contrast was he forced to draw between what his feelings now were, and what they were when, a few weeks before, he had entered it with his mother! how buoyant, how joyous, how flushed with hope and expectation! now uncertain whether even the shelter of its decaying roof would be his for another night.

The moment he entered, he instinctively threw aside the cloak. Terence took it up, and flung it carelessly on a chair. Donaghue shuddered, and motioned for him to remove it from his sight, unable to endure its remaining in it, from the dismal intimation its doing so seemed to convey to his feelings.

The nurse now appeared; and, with all the fond solicitude of a mother, tried to

make him take some refreshment. Donaghue waved her aside, and proceeded to the chamber of his mother. Dimly lit, it was nearly as dark, and quite as silent, as the dreary one in which his other parent now slept. He stepped softly to the bedside—the caution was needless, for she still remained in the lethargic state that had been described to him; so pale, so cold, so still, that Donaghue could not be persuaded she yet lived, till he laid his hand upon her heart.

Fatigued and exhausted as he was, he still could not be prevailed on to seek repose. His nurse kept watch with him in the chamber; but he could well have excused her company, for she tormented him by her remarks. Apprehension for those we love, will render us superstitious. The night, whose beauty and serenity had given such augmented solemnity to the mournful scene he had been engaged in, suddenly changed, rain came on, and wind; and as the latter sobbed and moaned around

the building, it might well indeed have been taken for the wailings of grief; and as the nurse listened to it, she turned pale, and cowered, and—"The Lord be merciful to us!" she cried; "there it is! there it is! just as we have heard it, the night before we got that terrible letter from poor Hugh, that dismal banshee!" and, shortly after, on going to a window, to see how the night looked—"There again!" she exclaimed, in a low tone, "see if I am not speaking truth—there's a corpse candle, moving across the bog, to where the poor master lies, cold and dreary enough to-night!"

At length nature became completely overpowered, and just as the first ghastly beam of morning entered the apartment, Donaghue repaired to his chamber, to get a little sleep, leaving strict directions that if the slightest change took place in his mother, he should immediately be called, or that, if she recovered sufficiently to speak, and inquired for him, she should be cautiously informed of his arrival. This

proved to be the case—he had not long left the room ere she woke from her long protracted sleep, and asking for him, was told what he had desired. He was immediately called—but we shall pass over the scene that ensued; yet was his mother infinitely more composed than he had expected to find her; and he would have rejoiced at the circumstance, but for the fearful cause to which he imputed it. He gazed in her countenance with all the intentness of alarm, for if he lost her, what a world of desolation would the world be to him! Her features were drawn, but this might be owing to mental suffering; but, no, no, there was death in every glance—a conviction of its approach, in the pitying looks she cast upon him, in the eyes uplifted, from time to time, in silent prayer to Heaven.

Now that he was losing her, he felt as if there were a thousand things to be forgiven, and—" Oh, my mother! my mother!" in the intensity of his anguish, burst from him, " what, in this dreadful hour,

can impart consolation to me, but the assurance of pardon for the pain, the various disquietudes I may have occasioned you?"

"Pain!" repeated his mother, with the fondest smile of maternal affection, and resting her feeble hand on his shoulder; "oh no! you have been the joy, the pride, the comfort of my soul, since you were born! When dawned the day, when closed the night, in which I did not praise my God for the blessing he had given me in you? Yes, I have gloried in you! and if my blessing, given with all the fervour of a dying mother's tenderness, can draw one down from heaven on you, oh, bless you! bless you, my son! Never," she added, after a slight pause, "but in one instance, did you give me a pang."

Donaghue knew what she alluded to; a deep groan burst from his surcharged heart, as for a moment he buried his face in the bedclothes.

"It was my wish," she said, "to have seen you the husband of the daughter of my friend; but, for the wisest purposes, I

make no doubt, that wish has been disappointed. Who can tell but that an uninterrupted course of prosperity, such as there is now reason to suppose you might have enjoyed with her, might have perverted that generous nature, and confirmed, till they turned into vices, follies incidental, perhaps natural to youth? Who is there that has not an offending Adam in him, that needs the discipline of trials to eradicate? Whatever therefore happens, is for the best; both our confidence in the wisdom of the Almighty, as well as our reason, teach us to believe so; and, like many others, may not my son, in the words of the Psalmist, have yet reason to exclaim—' 'Tis good for me to have been afflicted.' Nay, has he not already, for already, through the influence of disappointment, do I not see him shaking off from him, like degrading trappings, those little follies that the force of example betrayed him into, and asserting those high faculties with which God has endued him, and which none can abuse with impunity?

But be comforted, my son; there is happiness for the afflicted—a place of rest for the weary. According to the laws of nature, you must have looked forward to the separation that is now approaching. Death to me will be a relief—to you, my loss a trial of that fortitude, which the sufferings of this life render it so essential for us all to possess. Yet think not I inveigh against it. The ways of Providence are reckoned dark and intricate—but not always do they appear so, in my opinion: like a traveller, who from a hill reviewing the road he has taken, becomes then sensible that more than half its perplexities were owing to his own mistakes, while impediments that opposed his proceeding actually prevented his rushing upon danger —so few of us can look back upon our own conduct, without becoming sensible that many of our sorrows were of our creating, and the disappointment of our wishes, in many cases, a mercy."

But life was ebbing fast, and this graciously granted to her prayers the power

of making the last exertion she was capable of. She shortly after gradually sunk away, and for some hours remained in a state that rendered it difficult to determine whether she yet breathed. On reviving from this, the clergyman was in attendance, and being admitted to her chamber, the most solemn rite of the church was administered to her. Her soul was now ready for its flight—calm and resigned, she had confidence in the goodness of her Creator, relying on it for mercy to herself, and protection for her son: but we shall not dwell longer on the scene. Towards night it was evident to all about her, there was very little chance of her witnessing the dawn of another day. Her breathing became difficult, and, after a short struggle, her eyes were finally closed upon the bosom of her son.

In a state of stupefaction, he was not conscious of this, till he felt them gently drawing him away from the body. He made no opposition, but stooping down,

impressed one long, lingering kiss upon the icy lips, and then suffered himself to be led from the apartment; but, hardly had he left it, ere all the storm of grief burst forth, and breaking away, he rushed into another room, where, closing the door, he dashed himself on the floor.

Oh, vanity of human expectations! there he lay, the gay, the brilliant, the exulting Donaghue! he who so lately seemed as if happiness was at his command, and with all the arrogance of lofty pretensions, spurned, with fastidious pride, at the common enjoyments of life; there he lay, in all the agony of overwhelming affliction, reft of all—of parents, fortune, hope—crushed to the very earth—uncertain whether another night might not see him compelled to seek another place to hide his sorrows in.

Alas, poor youth! already he seemed to experience the cold neglect attendant on altered fortunes, for minute after minute passed away, and yet still he lay, apparently forgotten, in darkness and in stillness,

outstretched upon the floor. But he was not forgotten; it was either a fear of an immediate intrusion on his grief, or else other duties, that prevented his faithful servants from immediately seeking him; but when at length they came, how impossible to speak what they felt at the state in which they found him!

Terence raised him in his arms from the floor; all distinctions of rank were forgotten.—"And are you gone!" he cried, as he laid his hand upon his damp temple, and saw his eyes closed, as if sealed by death. "My master! my friend! companion of my infant days! kind and blessed! have I lost you for ever?"

His father, more collected, assisted to convey him to a sofa. They chafed his hands, and by degrees their terrible apprehensions gave way. At length he faintly smiled, as if but half restored to consciousness, and—"My mother!" he faintly uttered.

"Yes, your mother!" cried the sobbing nurse; "not the blessed saint we have lost

could love you more! but oh, jewel of our hearts! don't be *killing* us with grief, by letting us see you taking on so! for what would become of us, if you were to follow the master and mistress?"

But we shall not dwell longer on what his first sufferings were, for the double and irreparable loss he had sustained. The last duties paid to his lamented mother, and informed, by inquiries made in London, that Altoir-na-Grenie still remained to him, he began to try and rouse himself to look into his affairs. But he was not allowed time for this; a letter arrived from his mother's brother, general O'Donaghue, who, from a long coolness that had subsisted between him and his father, he never had had any great intercourse with, acquainting him, that, apprized of the terrible reverse of fortune he had experienced, he was ready to obtain him a commission; and desiring, if the offer was accepted, that his answer might be given in person, as his regiment was under orders for foreign ser-

vice, so that a moment was not to be lost in arranging the business.

That Donaghue had no hesitation in accepting this offer, will readily be believed, when it is known that he had had in contemplation to volunteer into the service. He could not but rejoice at leaving a neighbourhood where every thing was calculated to keep alive his sorrows. Every where he missed the dear departed—and here was continually recalled the recollection of that conduct, that had impressed him with eternal shame; but for it, how different might now his situation have been! what a companion might he now have had, to supply the place, to compensate the loss of her he mourned! what friends to participate in his sorrows, and sooth them by their sympathy! but the punishment it met with was just, and he would not repine.

The Cormicks were to remain at Altoir-na-Grenie, but there were two or three other servants he was obliged to part with; for though Altoir-na-Grenie remained to

him, its value was now indeed trifling. He wished to see them provided for before he left the place, but was at a loss what steps to take for the purpose, from having scarcely any acquaintance in the neighbourhood, for, from the fastidiousness of his former conduct, none now intruded on his sorrows; he ranged through his desolate courts, his ancient halls, without a voice to hail him. A few cold inquiries were sent to the castle, but evidently more out of respect to the deceased, than regard to him. He felt the general neglect acutely; who can experience any thing of the kind without pain? but it was a relief to his heart, to think that his not receiving a visit from Mr. Erin was, perhaps, alone owing to his having departed for the Continent with his niece.

At length it occurred to him, that through the Magennises he might perhaps be able to procure situations for those of the establishment at Altoir-na-Grenie he was compelled to part with; and there he accordingly decided on calling, from feel-

ing he had a claim for obligation on them. It is true sir Ulick had never called, but then he knew the baronet was not well adapted to pay a visit of condolence, and to the consciousness of this he chose to attribute not seeing him.

But he was a little mistaken; his fortune had not experienced a greater reverse than their feelings towards him; or, rather, one was the consequence of the other; and nothing could exceed their mutual gratulations, at the idea of having escaped forming any connexion with him.

"Heavens! what a thing it would have been," lady Magennis exclaimed, "had Selina given any encouragement to his passion!"

Here there was a slight titter from the two other young ladies.

"The devil!" cried sir Ulick, as he walked about the room; "to have had a young brood of the blood royal of king *Boru* here to provide for, when there is such difficulty, as it is, in managing matters!"

"Abominable! upon my honour, sir Ul-

ick; you quite provoke me by these constant allusions of yours to what is unpleasant. I suppose, some day or other, we shall hear you publicly blurting out something of the kind; and a fine way it will be of advancing the interests of your daughters. There is colonel Mackenzie thinking seriously of Selina, I am certain; but not, you may be sure," and her ladyship was perfectly correct in the assertion, for the colonel was, in every sense of the word, an old soldier, "because he thinks you want the power of giving her a handsome fortune."

"Stuff!" exclaimed sir Ulick; "upon my soul, my lady, one would suppose you thought no one had any brains but yourself!"

"Well, but," interrupted one of the young ladies, "I wonder what Mr. Donaghue means to do with himself? whether to establish himself at Altoir-na-Grenie—that is, provided he can keep it—or return to London?"

"Oh, pooh! not return to London, I

dare say; for, you may be sure, it was all up with him there before he came over here; for, indeed, it is now evident his coming over with his mother was on a speculating plan: and how slily lady Jane managed not to entangle herself with him; and Miss Erin too, in following her example, notwithstanding the pains his mother artfully took to draw her into a connexion with him, though knowing the recovery of young Erin was hopeless. Abominable! really I have not patience with such art and such scheming; but I have always found your sanctified kind of people the deepest. 'Tis positively enough to give one the same distaste to sentiment that sir Peter Teazle has; stay or go, however, it must be all one to us, for as no *eclat* can now be derived from his acquaintance, I shall certainly cut it."

The words were hardly uttered ere the door was thrown open, and he was announced. Uncertain what he might have heard, the confusion his unexpected ap-

pearance occasioned, rendered the first civilities to him overstrained.

"My dear fellow!" was the exclamation of the baronet, "I—I am so glad to—to see you out again! We—we were just speaking of you; and expressing our hope that—that you might settle amongst us—that we might have the power of——"

"Ridiculous!" cried lady Magennis, in a moment restored to herself, and fearful of letting sir Ulick proceed, lest a credit might be given to his professions, that might render the young man troublesome.

The tone in which the exclamation was uttered drew the eyes of Donaghue upon her; and from her he turned them on the young ladies, who, demurely seated together, looked like so many figures in an exhibition; and, altogether, so great an alteration appeared in the manner of the party, that a surmise began to be formed that would have given a pang, had there been any esteem in the case; but, as it was, he could not altogether help feeling one, when he thought of those whom he had

neglected for such beings—the time he had trifled away with them, and the slights they had influenced him to shew to others. But he would not judge hastily—he might be mistaken; and, accordingly, checking a rising sensation of contempt, he proceeded, after answering a few vague questions, to mention to sir Ulick that his visit was for the purpose of asking him a favour.

Sir Ulick changed colour; there was but one favour he could think of his wanting to ask, and that was the one, of all others, he was the least inclined to grant to any one. It is true he had the power of refusing, and refuse he certainly intended; but then, in the present instance, an awkwardness would attend the circumstance, that was rather disagreeable, and embarrassing to his imagination; for sir Ulick, placing much greater confidence in the sincerity of his friends than they certainly placed in his, had no hesitation in applying to them, when any way particularly inconvenienced for certain little aids. Donaghue was amongst the number of those

whom he had often honoured in this way; and though, from his carelessness, he was not certain whether he would actually remember whether these loans were returned or not, yet that he would not forget his having obliged him with them, he was certain, and having a right in consequence to call upon him for a kindness.

Ingratitude is so debasing, that even the very meanest of the mean shrink from being detected of it; accordingly, poor sir Ulick felt himself in a most distressing dilemma. Something, however, must be said, though nothing was done, and accordingly he began to stammer out the happiness it would afford him to attend to any request of Mr. O'Brien's; but that "there was such difficulty in getting in the rents, threatening one with fire and sword, as these cursed Irish tenants did, if any coercive measures were had recourse to, that—that really——"

While at a loss to say what, the door opened, and a footman entered, to say Thady Macguire was quite impatient for a re-

ceipt for the two hundred pounds he had just sent up to his honour.

Was ever any thing so *mal-à-propos?* Sir Ulick turned round, and gave the poor fellow a look, that certainly, if it had had the intended effect, would have annihilated him.

He was proof however to it, and was proceeding to repeat his message, when the baronet commanded him, in an exalted tone, out of the room.—"The blundering blockhead!" he cried; "I wish, with all my soul, it had been as he said, for then——"

"I believe I understand you, sir Ulick," said Donaghue, with a supercilious smile; "but you are utterly mistaken—my business here," and he spoke with a kind of proud carelessness, "was merely to inquire whether you wanted any addition to your household, or knew of any other family in the neighbourhood that did, as I am about parting with some of the establishment at Altoir-na-Grenie."

"Why no, I can't say I am aware of any

chasm in our household at present," returned the baronet, beginning to respire again freely; "but if I should—and I am sure I may promise for her ladyship——"

"Oh, assuredly!" she carelessly replied; "but I protest I think I hear colonel Mackenzie's voice in the drawing-room," rising, as did also the young ladies. "Good bye, Mr. O'Brien: I shan't press you to stay, as, I dare say, a large party would not be agreeable to your feelings at present; but some other time, if you drop in, and we happen to be alone——"

Again Donaghue smiled superciliously. —"Your ladyship is very good!" he said; "but I rather imagine, some time will elapse ere I shall have the felicity of being able to profit by such goodness."

"What, going to leave us! May I ask for what place?"

"For London, in consequence of a letter from my uncle, general O'Donaghue."

Her ladyship started, and betrayed the greatest emotion. The general was an old bachelor, reputed rich, and Donaghue the

only near relation he had, and whom of course, if he pleased, he might again make an object worth speculating on.—" And, bless me!" in a tone of confusion she said, " I thought you had no intercourse with the general, pardon me, in consequence of a misunderstanding between him and your father; but I am so happy to find I was mistaken; and, notwithstanding what you have said, I hope we shall soon have you amongst us again. In the mean time, allow me to assure you, that our sentiments for you can know no alteration; and let us have the pleasure of thinking——"

" The same of mine. Assuredly—the estimation in which I hold your ladyship can know no diminution. There are some people for whom our sentiments can never alter, and lady Magennis and her amiable family are amongst the number."

So saying, and leaving her ladyship to deliberate at her leisure, whether more was meant by these words than met the ear, Donaghue took up his hat, and made his parting bow, attended to the very hall-door

by sir Ulick, and even bowed down to the very lowest of the steps, so profound was his respect for the name of general O'Donaghue, and whose figure he had indeed actually before him all the time he was paying this obsequious court to the nephew.

"What a world!" said Donaghue, as he was proceeding homewards; "yet, after all, if we only mix with the vain and the frivolous, what right have we to complain of baseness, since we should have been idiots to confide in their sincerity? I voluntarily sought them, and have only, in consequence, met with what I had a right to expect—for why should I suppose their natures would have been reversed for me?"

But where was Melville all this time? for he was not amongst the base and the frivolous, the sunflowers of the world, who still turn to follow the rising luminary. Melville was pursuing a voyage to Lisbon with his uncle, whither, from being fond of travelling, the old gentleman had taken a sudden whim of going; and thus Donaghue was deprived of the consolation he

should have derived from his sympathy; yet he hardly knew how to regret the circumstance, since, if Melville had continued in the kingdom, he was convinced he would have come to him, with offers which nothing could have induced him to accept, yet it would have hurt the other to have refused.

But he had yet another pang to experience, that of parting with his faithful Terence, the playfellow of his infancy, and the attached attendant of his riper years; but it must be done—Terence could now do much better for himself than by remaining with him, and he could not think for any selfish gratification of marring his advancement in life, more especially as, in the profession he was entering, his services would not be required.

Cormick bore the parting much better than he had expected; but this he was convinced was to spare his feelings. He might be reckoned romantic—perhaps he was; of the many spots he went to take

leave of, the last was the grave of his parents. He lingered at it, and involuntarily he sighed at the little probability there now appeared of his ashes resting with theirs.—" Yet what weakness," he cried, " to feel regret on such a subject! What matters it where dust, unconscious dust, returns to dust, while assured that space cannot hinder the reunion of our wafted spirits? Peace to their manes!" he solemnly and tenderly pronounced, as he prepared to depart. " May I never forget the virtues that adorned one—the precepts she gave, the principles she implanted! and if there were errors at the other side, may they only be remembered to serve as beacons to guard me from similar ones!"

Immediately on his arrival in London he waited on the general; and having signified his grateful acceptance of his offer, the requisite arrangements were made for obtaining him a cornetcy. Donaghue rather imagined it would have been in the general's own regiment; but there hap-

pened to be no vacancy in it just then; and Donaghue hardly knew how to regret the circumstance, from the stiffness of the general's manner.

The fact was, the general, from having heard something of his former follies, was led to imagine he resembled his father in disposition, with whom, from the indignation excited by his imprudence, he had long ceased any intercourse; and, in consequence of the prejudice this excited, would probably not have troubled himself about him, could he have allowed himself to let the son of a dear and only sister remain in distress and obscurity. But, for the present, he determined on limiting himself to procuring him a commission—a determination he adhered to, though much struck, or, rather, highly interested by his appearance and manner; and accordingly, on leaving town, which was in the course of a few days after the arrival of Donaghue, his regiment being on the eve of embarkation, presented him with but just a

sum sufficient to provide his appointments, conceiving it not amiss sometimes to let young men, what is familiarly termed, bite upon the bridle.

He had no sooner departed, than Donaghue left the hotel, where he had joined him, for private lodgings, as better suited to his present circumstances, and wish for retirement during his present sojourn in the great city.

CHAPTER VI.

" Ah ! little think the gay, licentious, proud,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround—
They who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel riot waste—
Ah ! little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel this very moment death,
And all the sad variety of pain;
How many sink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame; how many bleed
By shameful variance betwixt man and man;
How many pine in want and dungeon glooms,
Shut from the common air, and common use
Of their own limbs; how many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery; sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty.
How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop
In deep retir'd distress.
————Thought fond man
Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills
That one incessant struggle render life
One scene of toil, of suff'ring, and of care,
Vice in its high career would stand appall'd,
And heedless, rambling impulse learn to think."

SUCH were the sorrowful reflections of

Donaghue, as, dejected even to a feeling of desolation, he was slowly making his way through some of the crowded thoroughfares of London, yet waiting the appearance of his appointment in the Gazette; and as carriage after carriage passed him, the splendid vehicles of pride and vanity, he contrasted his altered situation with those of their owners. But as he gradually advanced into a lonelier street, he was roused from his meditations by discovering himself followed. He had many reasons for wishing to keep his present sojourn in London unknown, and, accordingly, no sooner discovered this, than he quickened his pace; but in vain he did so—the faster he walked, the faster on his steps followed the foot behind. He then tried what crossing over would do; but still the other, whoever he was, was at his heels.

At length, after having completely fatigued himself, by going up one street and down another, and serpentizing through an absolute labyrinth of odious courts, he suddenly stopped, and, in a tone of fierce-

ness, was about demanding the reason of such conduct, when, by the light of a lamp, he recognised the features of a young man of the name of Dashwood, one of his former fashionable associates.—"What, Heavens! is it you, Dashwood?" he involuntarily exclaimed.

"Yes, it is me—my identical self!" replied Dashwood, as he shook hands with him; "but a pretty chase you have led me, by not letting me have a right view of that phiz of yours at once, to let me know whether you were the man I took you for. What, in the name of all that is provoking, was your motive for doing so?"

"Why, the fact is," said Donaghue, a good deal confused by the abruptness of the question, "being merely in town on business, and but for a short time—I——"

"Oh, pooh!" interrupted the other; "didn't wish to let your friends know any thing about you. Upon my soul, that was devilishly unkind of you! and I assure you I take it so."

Donaghue stared at him, to see whether

he was in earnest, for their acquaintance had never amounted to any thing like friendship. He looked so, and he began to believe that he had more good-nature than he had once perhaps given him credit for.

" In short," continued the other, " you cannot excuse your conduct; nor will I forgive it, on any other condition than your consenting to come down to Richmond, to pass a few days there with me, whither I am just returning, my lady fair having established herself there till after Christmas."

Donaghue tried to excuse himself, but in vain—pleading business, illness, and at last candidly a wish at present for solitude.

The other laughed aloud at this.—" What! you about becoming a bold dragoon, and obtaining the power of scattering double death and destruction about you, avowing an inclination for solitude, in this the very region of delight! egad, that is a good one, but it won't do! not quite so great a flat as you may suppose, to

be so easily imposed on—so come you shall, I am determined."

Finding it useless to refuse, Donaghue at length consented to accompany him to Richmond, not without feeling a grateful sensation for his solicitude for his company, but, at the same time, a fervent wish that they had not met, so little inclined was he at present to encounter any of his former associates.

They parted, with a promise on the part of Donaghue not to delay joining him. Accordingly, hurrying to his lodgings, Donaghue put up what was requisite for a day or two, and sending for a hackney-coach, drove to Berkeley-square, where Dashwood was only waiting for him to set off. But it is now time we should say something of lady Jane; and, while they are proceeding to the classic village of Richmond, we shall therefore do so.

Her ladyship having conceived such a passion for Donaghue as induced her to think seriously of him, was all consterna-

tion and dismay at the events that compelled her to give him up, for, stripped as he now was of fortune, to unite her fate with his was out of the question; but, grieved as she was on the occasion, the least of her regrets perhaps was not the consideration of the time she had lost on his account. One or two serious admirers, as she flattered herself, still remained, and quickly deciding which to choose, she soon succeeded in obtaining the proposal she was so anxious for, and, in less than three weeks after the departure of Donaghue from London with the remains of his father, she became the envied bride of Mr. Morley, a rich old banker, who a few months before had lost his wife, the companion of many a long year; and previous to which he had been casting his eyes about, from an unwillingness that there should be any interregnum in the reign of a queen over his family, for some one worthy of supplying her place.

Lady Jane certainly abhorred his very idea, but her dislike to him did not origi-

nate in the disparity of their years; on the contrary, his age was one of her inducements for the acceptance of his addresses, calculating from it that she should not long be troubled with him, and that, in the mean time, till the happy release for both, what between gout, or rheumatism, or asthma, or some of the other agreeable disorders incidental to his advanced period of life, she should be almost as much her own mistress as if she acknowledged not a lord and master. But though she could not think of sacrificing her pretensions for Donaghue, she was perfectly ready to give him every other proof of attachment he could require, her moral system being one that gave very extensive latitude to the inclinations.

The moment she had secured the banker, she would have written to Donaghue, to try to apologize and excuse her conduct, but that she was afraid her letter would meet but with little attention, till the grief and distraction occasioned by recent events had a little subsided. Accord-

ingly she put off addressing him, till she unexpectedly heard of his arrival in London, when, unable any longer to control her feelings, the following letter was dispatched to him:

"*To O'Donaghue O'Brien, Esquire.*

"MY DEAREST FRIEND,

"How impossible for any language to describe what I have felt on your account! How still more impossible what I suffer at the thought of the light in which you may now perhaps consider me! But I am the victim of parental avarice and ambition. As I anticipated, I have had reason to deplore, on my own account as well as yours, what has happened. I may be blamed, I may be censured for this confession—but if I am, it can only be by the cold, the icy-hearted; and how can such beings know any thing of the resistless power of such feelings as mine! that life would not be endurable, under the idea of

having lost the regard of the only man I ever have loved, ever can love!

"My father no sooner heard of the sad reverse in your prospects, than, cruel, unfeeling man!—why must I speak in such terms of the author of my being?—he forced a promise from me to give you up; but, not satisfied with this, followed up his barbarous conduct, lest of any temptation to break it, by compelling me to become the wife of another, that other——But if you have ever heard of him, or seen him, you must be convinced that compulsion alone could make me yield myself to him. What are his riches to me? can they make me amends for what I have lost? No—except by the hope they afford, that——But I restrain myself.

"To let me think you give credit to this statement, and thus have some degree of composure restored to my distracted soul, you will let me hear from you. You will do more—you will let me see you, that I may indeed be satisfied, by receiving the assurance actually from your lips, that I

still retain some little interest in your heart! Oh, Donaghue! whatever you may be suffering, your fate is still enviable compared to mine, for you are still at liberty to indulge your feelings, to breathe forth the name you love in sighs, to embalm it with tears; while I——but I must not go on.

"Should you be unwilling to call on me—and, indeed, all things considered, it might be as well you did not, since, if my father saw you at my door, I know the construction he would be likely to put on the circumstance, and the barbarous suspicions he might be the means of creating in another quarter—I can give you a meeting at my milliner's. Adieu! and oh that I could with propriety subscribe myself, what in heart I am still as much as ever,

"Your own

"JANE!

"*Piccadilly—Tuesday evening.*"

But Donaghue was not quite so credu-

lous of belief as her ladyship tried to flatter herself; he well knew the little influence parental authority had over her; and, indeed, the idea of a spirited young woman, of seven-and-twenty, being absolutely dragged to the marriage altar, as if a poor trembling little simpleton of seventeen, was too ludicrous to excite any thing but a laugh. The further insight which this letter gave him into her principles, could not fail of rendering him still more indignant with himself, for the influence he had allowed her to acquire over him—an influence to which he in a great measure imputed——But, suddenly checking the feelings created by the reflection, he snatched up a pen, and returned the following answer:

"*To Lady Jane Morley.*

"MADAM,

"I have been duly honoured with your ladyship's favour; and, in reply, conceive I cannot better evince the inter-

est you honour me by alluding to, than by offering my congratulations on your change of condition, and expressing my wishes for its proving a cause of happiness to you.

" Circumstances oppose my offering these congratulations in person; they are not, however, the less sincere on that account. With all those sentiments of esteem your ladyship has a right to expect,

" I have the honour to remain,

" Your ladyship's devoted,

" D. O'BRIEN.

" *Stephens's Hotel, New Bond-street,*

" *Wednesday morning.*"

" Cold, insensible being!" was the enraged exclamation of her ladyship, at this disappointing letter. Yet no—it might, it must be resentment that had dictated such a one, for her chains were not so easily to be broke, and her spirits revived at the idea. Could an interview be effected, she should be convinced of this, she was

persuaded, and by the explanation that would then ensue, be able to bind him more firmly to her than ever; and she accordingly determined on repeating her request for it; but ere she could address another letter to Donaghue, he had left the hotel, without leaving any clue behind him by which he might be traced; all she could learn was, that he still remained in town, nor meant to quit it till his appointment had taken place. In consequence of which information, various emissaries were set at work, to try and discover him, but without success, till Dashwood was so fortunate as to lay hold of him. His wife, a pretty fluttering little woman of fashion, considered as rather ornamental on a beau's arm in public, was the particular confident of lady Jane, and, through a hint from her ladyship, her husband was instructed to interest himself in the business.

He was extremely ready to oblige her ladyship, in consequence of her readiness to oblige him, for though not absolutely the old banker's cashier, she still had suffi-

cient access to the strong-box, to be able to accommodate a friend with a little of its contents, and had more than once cashed a bill for Dashwood that the old gentleman might have hesitated a little about discounting; but she was not romantic enough, or, rather, she was too much a woman of the world, to expect favours without a return, and, but for the Dashwoods, she would have been reduced to the most terrible dilemma by his conduct; as, from having so much in his power to leave as he pleased, she did not like to positively quarrel with him, in taking her to Richmond, under the pretext of the foggy air of London in winter not agreeing with him, and there actually becoming so ill as not to be able to quit his chamber, to the utter exclusion of all company, as he would neither allow her to see any one, nor yet quit his room for an instant, if he could help it, feeling, somehow, an uneasiness about her, which he had never experienced about her predecessor, at least for the latter years of her life. But no sooner had

the Dashwoods contrived to establish themselves, at the secret instigation of some one, in a house contiguous to theirs, so close indeed that the grounds of the respective mansions communicated, than her ladyship began to get subject to nervous attacks, insomuch that she was often borne from the chamber of her sick husband, in a state that totally precluded her return to it that evening; she never quitted it, however, without almost immediately reviving sufficiently to be able to get to her friends, with the assistance of her faithful abigail, where the pleasant party she was always sure of finding there generally completed her recovery.

Whether she had had any previous warning of an attack of the kind, the evening of Donaghue's arrival at Richmond, we cannot pretend to say; but no sooner was this notified to her, in a whisper, by the abigail, than she suddenly fell back in her chair, dropped of course the delightful book of sermons which, for their mutual edification, her husband had made it a point

she should read that evening, and in this state was borne away, to the great dismay of the poor banker.

Immediately on entering the house, Donaghue was conducted by the master to a chamber, where a servant being summoned, he was left to dress for dinner. His toilet finished, he repaired to the drawing-room, where he found Mrs. Dashwood, and from whom he received a most flattering reception. Her husband presently joined them, and soon after successive guests were announced; and in the course of a short time a large party of fashionables, all well known to Donaghue, became assembled.

He was trying to appear amused with the vaunted exploits of some of his former associates, when the opening of the door, to which his back was rather at the moment, caused him, involuntarily, to turn towards it, and to the almost occasioning him a slight degree of emotion, so little did he expect to see her, he beheld lady Jane Morley entering, attired in all the ele-

gance of fashion, and perhaps never looking better; and she was allowed by every one, that is, by all the men of ton and taste about town, to be a captivating creature. Scarcely allowing herself to glance round the room, she eagerly approached Donaghue, to shake hands with him.

Had he felt for her what she wished, he must have been gratified by her manner; but as it was, it confused and agitated him, by the sentiments it too clearly revealed, and the strictures she feared it might excite; for he was perfectly aware of the general opinion that had prevailed of their being engaged to each other. To prevent as much as possible what he feared, he determined, since thus betrayed into her company, to be strictly on his guard, and accordingly, instead of accepting the invitation she gave him, both by her eyes and her gestures, to follow her to a seat, he kept his station at a distance from her; and on dinner being announced, was about offering his arm to another lady, when the dexterous management of Dashwood pre-

vented what he intended, and the hand of lady Jane was passed under it.—"Cold, ungrateful being!" she softly exclaimed at the instant; but Donaghue affected not to hear her; and though compelled to occupy a seat beside her at table, took care to avoid letting her have an opportunity of rendering herself any way particular to him.

Vain and infected as he had been by fashionable follies, yet he never had had the degrading ambition of wishing to have the reputation of a female injured on his account; and now, when it so behoved him to keep his own unsullied, to avoid the slightest imputation of dishonour, how still more anxious was he naturally to prevent any thing of the kind! He knew what the rigid principles of the general were, and that the least appearance of laxity in his would, to a certainty, occasion his throwing him off for ever; and with her whose idea was enshrined in his heart, how still lower should he be sunk, if in addition to what had already so irreparably in-

jured him in her estimation, he should allow it to be believed he was capable of any positively culpable act!

But on his return to the drawing-room, he almost feared, from the looks of the lady, he should be no longer able to avoid her in the manner he wished. He saw, from the mistake her vanity had led her into concerning his real feelings for her, she was determined on coming, if possible, to what she conceived an *eclaircissement* with him, and accordingly, in his own defence, sat down to cards, though nothing possibly at the moment could be more disagreeable to him; but on seeing lady Jane shortly afterwards engaged at another table, he threw them up. By this time every other person in the room was occupied in the same way, and Donaghue having, of course, no one to particularly converse with, after sauntering from one table to another, at length strolled into the adjoining apartment, and began amusing himself with looking over some music-books that were scattered upon a pianoforte there.

Soon getting tired of this, he turned to a window, and drawing aside the curtain, beheld a scene of beauty that rivetted his attention. The Thames ran at the bottom of the garden, dividing it from the fine meadows at the opposite side, here and there diversified by elegant villas, rising amidst all the pomp of foliage, silvered by the light of the moon, that shining brightly in a clear frosty sky, with myriads of stars, as if its glittering train, rendered the scenery partially visible.—"How tranquillizing the mild light of this beautiful planet, its doubtful shadows and tender gloom! so like the soft repose for which the troubled spirit pants!"

Donaghue unconsciously sighed as he made the observation—the sigh was softly echoed. He turned with quickness, and beheld lady Jane, and either through the surprise or agitation she occasioned him, involuntarily pronounced her name.

"Ay, it is me," she said, reproachfully; "the neglected—the ill-treated—the—— But did I ever think it would come to

this! that I should have had reason to upbraid Donaghue for slighting—for trying to avoid me! But I see he will not forgive the wrong he accuses me of having done him—that to another cause than the one I have assigned for it he imputes my conduct."

"I accuse you of having done me a wrong!" repeated Donaghue; "pardon me, but you are utterly mistaken in the idea;—but, for Heaven's sake, lady Jane, consider where you are, and how liable to be overheard!"

"I care not," she exclaimed—"you drive me to madness by this coldness!—accuse me of having done you no wrong!"

"No—there was no tie, no engagement between us that would justify my making such an accusation."

"What, no tie between us! not the strongest of all ties—the tie of mutual passion! But perhaps I deceived myself—perhaps, after all, your professions meant nothing; and while I was allowing my af-

fections to be entangled, you were coldly maintaining a command over yours."

"Really, lady Jane, this language distresses me. Of intentionally deceiving any one, I can acquit myself. The simplest language and plainest meaning may sometimes be misconstrued; but be that as it may, of what use now to speak of what it appears might have been supposed?"

"Might have been! and is this language I had a right to expect from the man for whom I have done so much—on whose account I have sacrificed myself to age, to decrepitude, to infirmity, to all that is abhorrent to my soul?"

"On mine!" exclaimed Donaghue, in utter astonishment—"on my account sacrifice yourself!"

"Yes, ungrateful being as you are! on your account—on yours alone—for the sake of obtaining the power of enriching you, did I consent to give my hand where I have bestowed it—what else could have induced, could have prevailed on me to

form such a union? I might have been wedded to youth, to beauty, even equal to your own; but no, I preferred age and infirmity, from the prospect they afforded of soon letting me be at liberty again to act as I pleased—to throw myself into the arms of the only man I ever have loved—ever can love. Oh, Donaghue! forgive—for I will, I must believe, that to resentment is owing your apparent indifference—my conduct, in consideration of the cause, the motive of it; and let us bind ourselves from this minute, in such a manner to one another, as shall prevent the dread of any further separation, after I am again free."

"My dear lady Jane, again I must entreat you to consider where you are—that there are invidious eyes and ears every where. Did my principles permit what you desire—pardon me, I have expressed myself perhaps as I ought not—or rather were you free to permit my forming such an engagement as you allude to, yet how

cruel, how ungenerous, should I consider myself, if, on the very eve of entering a profession that must subject any one interested in my fate to a thousand anxieties, I were capable of doing so!"

"Oh, this is mere evasion!" exclaimed lady Jane, in a tone of passionate resentment; "if you loved, you could not argue. No, you could think of nothing but the attainment of the beloved object, no matter how, or by what means."

"Indeed!" said Donaghue, with forced playfulness, as if hoping by it to induce a belief that he did not think her serious, and thus check these wild transports.—"Is not that opinion in contradiction to the poet's? what says he?—

'Love should be pure, holy, harmless, as pilgrims' kisses on the shrine of virgin martyrs.—Holy as the thoughts of dying saints, when angels hover round them.—Such love should be, the zephyr not the whirlwind of the soul."

"Talk not to me of poets, writing too often from their heads, not their hearts; or if you give me their language, let it be that language that breathes of the passion

that consumes me. Oh, Donaghue—dearest Donaghue!" and she half withdrew the handkerchief she had applied to her eyes—those, as she well knew, truly beautiful and well instructed eyes—that now, "like the dewy star of evening, shone in tears," and let her head sink upon his shoulder—"let me, let me imagine your heart now alive to that passion, or rather that another has not usurped that place in it I once occupied, and you will raise me from anguish unutterable to equal joy!"

Donaghue became most cruelly embarrassed. He fancied he heard a rustling at the door, and all the consequences that might accrue from her imprudence rushed at once upon his imagination. The idea was not endurable. Gently raising her head from his shoulder, he drew back, and in an impressive tone—"Lady Jane," he said, "for both our sakes this must be ended. The world must judge from appearances, and the misinterpretation of a moment might do an injury that could never be repaired. You have my best

wishes for your happiness, both here and hereafter. Should you be at liberty to form another engagement, I hope it may be one every way agreeable to you; and now you must excuse my leaving you."

"No, no," exclaimed lady Jane, catching him by the arm; "or if you think it is imprudent to remain any longer here together, as least say that I shall see you again before you quit this—that you will contrive to meet me to-morrow, where there will be no danger of any thing you now apprehend."

"Impossible!" said Donaghue; "I am but a mortal—a mere mortal, lady Jane, and have none of that presumptuous confidence in my own strength, that would allow of my voluntarily rushing into temptation—no such meeting, therefore, can or must take place—on your account, as well as my own, I must decline it;" and as he spoke, disengaging his arm from her grasp, by gently raising the white hand from it she had laid upon it, and on which he impressed a kiss (perhaps it was not to be

avoided his doing so), he passed into the other room.

Hither he was quickly followed by her ladyship, soothed into something like complacency by the compliment implied by these words. He had allowed her then to be dangerous, and his acknowledgment of her being so was quite sufficient to revive her hopes, and determine her in persevering in her plans on him; but an effectual hinderance was put to this by his departure the next morning before breakfast, without leaving his address behind him.

The recent scene with lady Jane fully accounted for what had so surprised him —the solicitude of Dashwood for his company, and the detection of his motive for desiring it, at once determined him on shortening his visit; accordingly, rising by daybreak, he sent for a chaise, and leaving a note for his host, accounting for his abrupt departure, by pleading the sudden recollection of business that could not be postponed, left the house long ere the family had a thought of stirring.

The character of lady Jane was now fully developed to his view, and at its developement how did he congratulate himself on his having escaped an union with her! Many can excuse what is wrong, when they conceive themselves the occasion of it, so seducing is implied flattery and adulation to the human heart; but Donaghue was not one of these—flattery, at the expence of every thing that ought to be held sacred, could not gratify a mind imbued with such principles as his. In a woman so completely overstepping the modesty of nature as lady Jane had done, there was something monstrous to his imagination; and both from this, as well as that perverseness which is in the breast of men, more than in that of any other creature, still making him slight that which is easy of attainment, and prize only that which is difficult, her ladyship had never appeared less attractive to him than at the very moment when she was avowing him to be the object of her passionate adoration—he blushed for her, both for what

she had uttered, and forced him to say in reply.

In opposition to her rose the enchanting image of Eveleen to his imagination—she who, with all the tempting freshness of youth upon her lips, yet knew so well how to correct the passion she inspired, and maintain and support the dignity of her sex. To dwell upon her idea was to dwell upon what ennobled and purified, for who can dwell upon goodness, upon purity, and yet harbour any base or inordinate desires? While he felt that she could not think it profaned by his cherishing it, he felt that he could not be utterly wretched; and how did he rejoice in having resolution to resist the spells that, if once overpowered by, would have deprived him of this consolation!

Shortly after he was gazetted, and immediately after quitted London to join the regiment. On his arrival at quarters he made the usual application for a servant. He found it was attended to, when on re-

pairing to his room to dress for dinner, he perceived a tall, fine-looking young fellow, busied there in laying out his things.—"So you are the soldier I have got for an attendant," he said; "may I ask your name, my good fellow?"

The other faced about, advanced one leg before the other, drew up his well-made figure to its full length, and throwing up his hand in the true military style —"Terence M'Cormick, an' please your honour."

"Good God! Terence, what have you done?" exclaimed Donaghue.

"The blessing of my mother wouldn't have been on me, if I hadn't done what I have," replied Cormick; "for many a long year your house has fed me and mine, and by that house, rise or fall, we will stand. Ah, then, do you think I'd have parted with you at Altoir-na-Grenie as I did, but that it was all the time in my noddle what I'd do? snug and easy, every step of the way, by sea and by land, I followed you to London, and there I lay till I knew

the regiment you were gazetted to, when off I was, like a shot against a barn-door, to get myself enlisted, on the condition that I should be appointed servant to the new officer that was coming to join—faith! it's in my sleeve I couldn't help laughing, when at the time you were so bad on board the packet, and thankful to the steward for his attention to you, 'tis myself all the while that was about you. When he wanted to go—'Ah, then be asy, you spalpeen!' I cried; 'do you think I don't know better than you what to do for him, when, though he's six foot now, perhaps more, for aught I know, I have been with him before he was the height of a bog-rush!"

Donaghue rested his hand on his shoulder for a minute—deep emotion impeded his utterance, then—"This proof of strong and faithful attachment binds me more firmly than ever to you, Terence," he cried. "You might, perhaps, have done better; but since you have embarked in the same voyage with me, may to you, at least, it

prove a prosperous one! should it so to me, I shall not forget the requital that fidelity deserves."

Donaghue was much pleased with the corps to which he was gazetted; but ere he was well domesticated in it, if the expression may be allowed, it received orders for foreign service, there being at this time a constant demand for fresh troops for the Continent, it being still there—"Cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war." We shall not follow Donaghue into every scene he went through there, but content ourselves with briefly stating, till we take him to the plains of Waterloo, that there were few occasions in which he did not distinguish himself.

CHAPTER VII.

" The dreadful business of the war is o'er,
And Slaughter, that from yestermorn till even,
With giant steps pass'd striding o'er the plain,
Now weary, sits among the mangled heaps,
And slumbers o'er his prey."

. . . . . .

" The hunter hears the noise on his hill, and sees the billows advancing to Ardven's shore.—Such were the words of Connel, when heroes met in the midst of their falling people. There was the clang of arms—there every blow like the hundred hammers of the furnace. Terrible is the battle of the kings, and horrid the look of their eyes. Their dark brown shields are cleft in twain, and their steel flies broken from their helmets. They fling their weapons down—each rushes to the grasp of his foe. Their sinewy arms bend round each other; they turn from side to side, and strain, and stretch their large spreading limbs below. But where the pride of their strength was, they shook the hill with their heels, rocks tumble from their places on high, the green-headed bushes are overturned. At length the strength of Swaran fell, and the king of the grove is bound."

" THE fame of their exploits will remain behind, but will it console those who have

to mourn their loss? The aged parents, the tender wife, the orphan children—they hear the shouts of rejoicing multitudes, and their hearts respond to them with groans of anguish. That which has swelled the pride of the nation, has laid theirs in the dust. The beautiful, the brave—how many has one hour laid within the narrow house! Oh, ambition! fell disturber of the human race! how wide-spreading is the desolation that follows in thy train! what lamentations dost thou cause! through thy means how are the dearest ties of nature rent asunder—the social charities of life extinguished! and for what? for that which, if attained, must bring an accession of care, and can scarcely be possessed ere it must be relinquished for the grave."

These, and similar ones, were the reflections of O'Brien, as he lay wounded on the plains of Waterloo.

The regiment he belonged to, being light cavalry, had made several unsuccessful charges on the enemy, but not with-

out suffering severely; which being perceived by the commander-in-chief, he ordered some corps of heavy dragoons to their assistance. In some of the wheelings the troop O'Brien belonged to happened, by accident, to be cut off from the main body, which was no sooner perceived by the enemy, than advantage was taken of the circumstance to attack them with the most desperate fury. O'Brien defended the little party under his command with the most determined courage and skill; but what could such a handful of men do against such unequal odds? they were cut down to a man, he alone escaping, but desperately wounded. In his way to rejoin his regiment, he, unfortunately for himself, observed a British dragoon defending himself against two of the enemy; his humanity instantly got the better of his discretion, wounded as he was, and accordingly wheeling about his charger, he arrived to the succour of the soldier, at the very critical moment just as a sword was about descending on his bare head, his helmet

having fallen off, when pulling a pistol from his holster, he brought one of the assailants low, who no sooner fell, than his companion, seeing there were again two to one, but at the wrong side, clapped spurs to his horse, and was off like lightning.

Donaghue, reining in his charger from pursuing him, turned to speak to the trooper whose life he had saved, but him also, with rather a sensation of surprise at his leaving him in this manner, after the service he had rendered him, he saw in full gallop towards the main body of the British forces.

Donaghue was on the point of following, when one of the French emperor's aides-de-camp came suddenly upon him, and ere he had time to put himself in the least on his defence, gave him such a cut in his bridle arm, as obliged him to immediately drop the reins. Thus completely at the mercy of the enemy, he would probably soon have received his *quietus* from him, had not, at the in-

stant, a body of the Life-Guards appeared in full speed approaching the spot, which the other no sooner perceived, than he prepared to fly; but as he did so, either out of bravado or wanton cruelty, he discharged a pistol at Donaghue, but, luckily for him, just at the instant, his horse, previously wounded, and rendered hardly manageable by the circumstance, had made a violent plunge forward, in the act of doing which it reared, and thus received in its own forehead the ball intended for that of its master. The creature instantly fell, and in the agonies of death made one roll over him. The Life-Guards galloped on, unable to spare a moment to afford assistance, "Death or victory!" being the cry at the moment, and Donaghue, powerless to render himself any, saw nothing but the former before him.

Pain and loss of blood soon reduced him to a state of insensibility; on recovering from it he still found himself stretched upon the same spot, but no longer alone, for on every side his ears were assailed by

the most doleful sounds of human lamentation, and completely overcome by their effect on his feelings, he again fainted away. When again he revived, it was the dawn of morning, and either it was the case, or to his clouded eyes it seemed to be so, that

> "It rose slowly, as her sullen car
> Had all the weight of death and sleep upon it."

The scene of horror he now beheld mocks description. — "With what ease, what carelessness, do we read and talk of battles!" involuntarily thought the sufferer, as his senses returned; "but that would cease to be the case were a field of battle once seen. The most callous, the most thoughtless, must shrink from the thoughts of it, were such a scene as this once presented to their view—could they but now gaze upon these plains of Waterloo, discoloured by carnage, and covered quite over with the dead and dying, the latter earnestly begging, but without being able to obtain it, but for one drop of water to cool their parched lips!"

Never could Donaghue forget the dismal howlings, the dreadful screams, the shrieks of madness and despair, that here resounded round him; a French officer, in particular, extended on the ground not far from where he himself lay, tore his hair, beat his breast, and raved in all the madness of despair for water. So heart-rending were this man's cries, that Donaghue, forgetting in them his own sufferings, made an effort to obtain him relief, by wrenching out of the dead grasp of one of his late brother soldiers a canteen, containing some water; but in the act of stretching over the body to hand it to him, a deadly sickness came over O'Brien, and he fell, apparently lifeless, on the corse.

In this state he must have continued some time, for on again opening his eyes the day was advanced. Almost instinctively he cast them towards the spot where the object of his recent humanity had lain; still he lay there, but his sufferings were at an end—his cold breast was now as insensate as the clod against which it was

pressed.—"But mine," groaned Donaghue, "when will mine be ended? this protracted suffering is indeed to experience all the pangs of death."

Despair began to freeze his blood, for hope had fled, so long had he been allowlowed to remain on the field of battle; it appeared indeed a place that both friends and foes alike wished not to return to.

But new horrors were now presented to his view, by the savage depredations of these human furies that, like the blood-scenting vultures, hover about a field of battle. Renewed cries soon proclaimed the work they were about: a mortal sickness again came over O'Donaghue, as he heard these cries; and as he felt his senses receding, he believed it was to revive no more: but fortune, it appeared, had not yet done with him—again he revived; by this time it was night,

"When nature is in sables drest,
Tempestuous winds in hollow caverns rest,
Impending rocks with slumber seem to bow,
And drowsy mountains hang their heavy brow;

The weary waves roll nodding on the deep,
Or, stretch'd on oozy beds, they murmur in their sleep."

But not with stillness had it descended around him; still the cries, fainter and fewer indeed, but perhaps more horrible on that account, that had overpowered him, were heard, declaring the savage work of spoliation still going on; and what his own fate might be he knew not, as he saw some of these furies approaching him; but just as they were stooping over him, to ascertain whether he still breathed, not that his doing so would have prevented what they intended, a trooper suddenly rushed in amongst them, and by well directed blows, laid on on every side, with no light or sparing hand, quickly put them all to flight. Donaghue had just sufficient sense to ascertain that in this dimly-seen soldier he had a deliverer, ere he fainted away. In this belief he was not mistaken—it was indeed his faithful Terence, by this time promoted to the rank of corporal, that had come to his assistance; another of the dragoons accompa-

nied him; and between them both, by the aid of Donaghue's sash, they succeeded in bearing him to a hut, or cabin, not far from the scene of action, when a messenger was dispatched for doctor Rosebud, the regimental surgeon, who immediately obeying it, rescued the poor corporal from almost distraction, by the assurance that, with proper attention, there was very little doubt of his master getting over his wounds, provided he was removed to better quarters.

How to obtain these for him, however, was the question, the road to Brussels being at this time nearly impassable. Cormick pondered, and pondered, and at last an idea occurred to him that he hoped would settle the matter: religion, on the Continent, has much weight in an introduction for favours; the corporal was a shrewd fellow, and having observed this, determined to try if he could not profit by the observation.

Not very distant was a large castellated mansion, belonging to, or rather now oc-

cupied by, a person of the most rigid notions with regard to religion, which the corporal having ascertained, he repaired forthwith to it, and demanded an audience of count Blanc. The servant seemed to hesitate, in consequence of his being a stranger, to take in this message; but no sooner had he recognised the British uniform, than he hastened to obey him, and almost instantly after Cormick was ushered into an antichamber, where the count presently attended him.

Cormick, having apologized for the liberty he had taken, proceeded to state that the cause of his intrusion was to solicit shelter beneath the roof of the count for a young British officer of great distinction, till such time as he could be removed with safety to head-quarters in the city. The young gentleman, he further added, was placed under his especial care, by his parents, people of the first rank in Ireland, with strict injunctions that should any thing unpleasant happen, he should take care to see that it was in the house of a

good Catholic he lodged him, as should he die in that of any other, they would be miserable—" And believe me, my good sir," in a consequential tone he cried, " that even if I had not been so told, I should have done myself what they wished of my own accord, for I am myself a true Milesian, both in faith and blood; my great-great-great—God only knows how many great-grandfathers having come over before I ever saw the light, or generations before me, with the great prince that peopled all Ireland."

During the time he was speaking, the count, from beneath dark bushy eyebrows, that gave a peculiar fierceness to his countenance, examined Cormick with the most scrutinizing attention, and appeared hesitating about what reply he should make. Noticing which, Cormick advanced closer to him.—" And you should be highly pleased, monsieur le compte," he said, " at the compliment that has been paid you, in soliciting that which we might have obtained without any trouble, and indeed

what we are well entitled to, for having saved both your life and property."

The hint implied in these words was not thrown away—the count immediately signified his readiness to accommodate the young officer in his chateau; and thither accordingly Donaghue was removed, with all possible dispatch.

The delight of Cormick and doctor Rosebud, when they saw him in possession of a noble suit of apartments, was inexpressible; and for the dexterity which the former had displayed in obtaining them for him, the latter declared he deserved to be made purveyor-general to the troops.

CHAPTER VIII.

"——— Can human force endure
The various mischiefs that besiege us round?"

It must appear strange that Donaghue should have been allowed to continue so long apparently forgotten on the field of battle, amongst the dead and dying, so at least thought Cormick, and that of course it was necessary to give him some explanation on that head, that he should not be accused of ingratitude.

Accordingly, one evening, soon after Donaghue was able to sit up, he thought he observed him looking very uneasy and dejected, remarking which—"An' please your honour, I look what I am," replied the corporal—"very unhappy."

"Indeed! I am sorry to hear that; what has made you so?"

" The fear that your honour may think me a good-for-nothing spalpeen, for having let you remain so long on the field, without coming to your aid."

" Oh! if that be all, make your mind easy, for a thought to your prejudice never entered my mind—it is not now I want to know what your regard for me is."

" Yes, but your honour, I can't be asy till I have explained the cause of this to you."

" Well, if it gratifies you to do so, I am ready to attend to you."

" Blessings on your honour for that!" said the corporal. " Well then, to begin, your honour; we might just as well have charged a stone wall as those *cuirrassiers*, as your honour knows; what with the weight of their horses, what their covering of iron, we had no more chance with them, than a mouse would have under the foot of an elephant, and few of us, I believe, would now have had the power of telling this, but for the Life-Guards com-

ing to our assistance, and who, by saint Patrick! soon made them sing a different song, by cracking their lobster-shells for them. I happened to be amongst the wounded, but that wouldn't have kept me from seeking your honour before my wounds were dressed, but that doctor Rosebud told me some officers of the Life-Guards had seen your honour killed, and lying dead on the field of battle; and so, as the blood was flowing fast at the time, I allowed them to be bound up; but as soon as they were, off I set to get your honour's body, that I might bury it. Praised be the holy saints, I was spared that heart-breaking duty! But with all my eagerness to search for this, I feared I should never be able to reach the plains of Waterloo again, for I had been carried back to Brussels. What with one thing, what with another—stoppages here—then the pain of my wounds—then the sickness of my heart, I could never get above three yards at a time, without being obliged to halt or sit down; and to be sure it's then I

didn't bemoan myself, more especially when the more I looked at the road, the more impassable it seemed, from the slush and the mud at the sides (the middle of it only being paved, as your honour knows), and the overturned carriages, and dead and dying men and horses that were scattered about it, to say nothing of those that were galloping as for life and death along it; but at last, by the blessing of God, I got to the end of my journey, and when I did. and found your honour living, by the Powers! if it had made me suffer more than I could have been able to tell, let me live ever so long, by saint Patrick, the joy of that moment would have made me amends for it!"

"That I am sure of," said Donaghue; "and, under Providence, I certainly conceive I owe the preservation of my life to you, for had not you arrived at the very moment you did, I have no doubt those she-devils would have given me my *quietus*."

"Faith, nor I neither; but I think I

paid them nately for what they intended; and more nor that, I made my report of them to the commander-in-chief, and sure enough he has them in pound; and doesn't your honour think they can be tried by a court-martial, for robbing on the king's highway, as the plains of Waterloo must now to be sure be considered, for after fighting for them as we have done, the devil is in it if the king of England hasn't a right to call them his!"

Donaghue could not help laughing at the idea—"I will not take upon me to decide either of the points," he said; "all I know is, what the ladies merit, and which I should have no hesitation in saying, if asked."

"But your honour would have laughed," said the corporal, after a little further discourse on the subject, restored to all his wonted spirits by the load which this explanation had removed from his mind, "had you heard the caution given me by the man whom I sent to summon doctor Rosebud to your honour,

not to let so mad a man have any thing to do with my master—' Why do you think our doctor mad, my good fellow?' I asked.—' Becase,' said he, ' the moment I delivered the message—" Alive!" cried he; " surely you are not in your senses, you damned dog!" then throwing down the dressings he had in his hand, he ran out for his horse, and on his being told, as he was leading him out, an officer would bleed to death before he could return—" If he does," said he, " I'll have you all hanged—wrap plenty of linen round the wound, and there's no danger;" and without stopping to hear another word, set off at a full gallop."

But as the doctor will be often before the reader, we may as well make him acquainted with him at once. He was whimsical, impatient, and fretful—unable to avoid breaking in on the conversation of others, but not of a temper to forgive an offence of the kind himself; jealous in the extreme of attention, but appeared to feel the height of gratitude for the most

trivial favour; yet could not be restrained by even a real sense of obligation from expressing himself as your greatest enemy, if he only imagined (and most of his grievances were imaginary) he had the slightest cause for anger. It is true his resentment did not last long, for he was of a forgiving temper; but the worst of it was, he forgave himself as easily as he did others, and thus was careless how he gave offence. He meant no ill, but, like others, could not always resist the force of inclination; and though he had mixed much in the world, was credulous in the extreme, and ready to pass judgment upon the actions of others, without giving himself a moment for consideration; notwithstanding all which, however, he was reckoned a good-natured, harmless, eccentric, pleasant man.

He was about the middle age, and with regard to his person, thin and meagre; there was rather a wildness in his countenance, and his eyes, which were very prominent, were so badly set in his head, that when speaking to one person, he always

seemed to be looking at another; added to which, his delivery was rapid, his gesticulations those of the most violent Frenchman; and, like him, to an inordinate portion of curiosity he united a readiness to be amused with the merest trifles; for instance, coming into his patient's chamber one morning in high glee, with an open paper in his hand—"Well, O'Brien," he said, chuckling as if in great delight, "I think I have brought something with me that will make you forget recent matters for awhile. What do you think this paper is, which I have just picked up in the court below?"

"When I know the contents you shall hear, doctor."

"Oh ho! will that be the case, Mr. Wiseacre? but come," first glancing to see that Cormick was not within hearing, "you shall have the *morceau*, and a precious one it is;" and so saying he began to read as follows:—

"*To Mr. Pat Disney,*

"*Of Ballinafod, near Altoir-na-Grenie, the Castle of his Honour, O'Donaghue O'Brien, Esquire, —— County, Ireland.*

"DEAR PAT,

"This comes hoping, with a kind salutation, that you and all friends are well as your relation, who now, out of love, and by way of relaxation, sits down to amuse you with a bit of a narration.

"But first of our travels. Of the sacredness of nun's flesh we have had no manifestation; and as to what you've heard of fasting friars, 'tis all botheration—they all love women, wine, and a little sly recreation, just as well as us lads of a less holy vocation; to wit, father Murphy's pretty niece, though no relation—but mum—far from me be any base insinuation.

"Boney, now it appears, had come to a determination of fighting the English, when Brussels was their station, with every hope and pious wish for their utter extirpation—'For,' says he, 'to secure me in this my usurpation, Russia, Prussia,

and all of them, must be sent to damnation! that may flourish at least the present French generation, who, like devils, will now fight at my instigation.

"He had good grounds for this his declaration, for they all fought with the greatest desperation, as if bent, as to be sure they were, on our extermination. Oh! had you seen—but were I to tell you all without reservation, you'd certainly accuse me of great exaggeration—suffice it to say, we all fought without cessation, till there was scarce one alive to give this relation; and then I went to search—oh! what was my consternation, to find the best of masters almost without animation, after laying about him as he did to rare admiration!

"Blucher followed on them, flying without intermission, till he left the *invincibles* in a most woful condition. But I almost forgot—I hope no want of due commendation will prevent my dear master from having a place in the forthcoming installation.

"We are in snug quarters now, a kind

of old fortification, where we make ourselves quite at home, and kindly welcome to every thing, not forgetting the wine cellar, I won't say to the owner's great mortification; but, *entre nous*, that is French for—between ourselves, I believe, poor soul! he's had, from the knights of the sword, some little provocation; but let that pass. Our next move will be Paris, that epitome, as they say here, of all that's grand in creation, at the thoughts of seeing which I feel no little exultation; and where we shall find monsieur in a fine rage and agitation, at being obliged to strip the Louvre, an old palace—I explain as I go on, Pat, for your better information—of pilfered property, pictures, statues, and what not, of rare estimation, to the great joy of those who had to mourn their transportation. But I must now conclude, with love to all friends, first taking occasion to assure all concerned about me I keep out of temptation, and as far as I can, avoid dissipation; and shall be, while life remains, or the slightest pul-

sation, your friend, my dear Pat, as well as relation,

"TERENCE M'CORMICK,
"Corporal in —— regiment of Light Dragoons."

"There!" said Rosebud, when he had concluded, "what do you think of that?"

"Why, that Cormick is a better scribe than I imagined."

"Pooh! it wasn't about his handwriting I was speaking, but his style."

"Why, perhaps original in its way."

"Ay, egad the fellow has some fun in him."

"Yes, and he could not be in better hands than yours, doctor, to make him display it."

"Why, yes, I do love mirth—laughter, that makes glad the heart of man."

"Ay, but it must be previously glad, before laughter can have any effect on it."

"Oh, pooh, no! let it only once yield a little to cheerfulness, and, my life on't! care is banished."

"Ah! this is fine talking."

"Fine talking! don't let me hear you attempting to contradict me; you, a fine dashing fellow, that have only to be seen to be——and, like another Othello, will now be able to speak of what is so touching to female hearts, 'of moving accidents by flood and field:' if I had your youth, and your other qualifications for charming——"

"Now that we are on the subject, doctor," said Donaghue, "I have sometimes wondered that a man of your social habits never thought of changing your state."

"Pooh! that is the very reason I never did. I knew I was quite of too convivial a disposition to think of any thing of the kind, and so early gave up all thoughts of it. No, no—I knew it would never do for me, after passing a pleasant evening with a set of friends, perhaps singing—'My wife shall dance and I will sing,' to return home, to get a matrimonial lecture read to me for staying out beyond what was considered a proper hour; indeed,

from what I observed of the cares and disquietudes occasioned by near connexions and great intimacies, I almost determined, ere far advanced in life, to avoid contracting any friendships."

"But a determination which I am sure," said Donaghue, gratefully, "I have reason to know you did not adhere to."

"Why, yes, perhaps so," replied the other, with some little emotion; "but indeed I hope I never was deficient in the capability of forming them, though I thought it the safest plan to do so, for I was not slow in observing the greater part of life's troubles were not on our own account, but that of others—that it was in the power of one person to make a hundred miserable, by partaking of his personal afflictions, but that he could make only one happy, by partaking of his personal pleasures. For instance, a man of a philanthropic temper becomes acquainted with those about him, his acquaintance with some produces friendship, and friendship occasions sorrow. Every trouble of

mind, or disease of your friend, affects you. It is true you also participate in his pleasure, as far as it can be communicated; but these are not in equal proportions. Should your friend increase his possessions, you are not the richer; but if he is in want, you are poorer: if he is in health, as a thing of course, you do not rejoice; but if he is sick, you mourn: if he has an agreeable wife, you have none of his pleasure; but if he loses her, at least half his pain is poured into your bosom. And suppose life passes without any exertions of friendship, but merely in a belief that, if required, they would be made, I see my friend advance in years, he loses his person and strength, death sets his mark upon him, and at last claims him for his own. What I see in him, he sees in me; and all these sensations are multiplied, according to the number of our intimate connexions. Fully sensible of this truth, I very early in life determined to have no friend at all —a determination which the unsettled life the profession I entered into occasioned,

helped me in some degree to keep; but which," stretching out his hand in the kindest manner imaginable to him, " I felt tempted to break the moment I began to know you, though why," laughing, " I can't for the life of me tell."

As soon as Donaghue was able to travel, he prepared to follow the army to Paris, to the great regret of Rosebud, who was not yet able to leave Brussels, on account of the number of wounded that still remained under his care.

To describe what Donaghue felt on entering this great city, even more from the reflections it excited, than the observations it afforded him an opportunity of making, would be impossible. All the horrors that had thrilled him in the reading rose to his imagination at the moment, deadening the sensations he must otherwise have experienced; but as this subsided, he felt indeed the liveliest pleasure at finding himself in a place so justly celebrated, and forming so striking a contrast to those he was accustomed to. His eye roved, unsated,

over its ancient piles—his foot, untired, trod its streets—and he felt as if the curiosity and interest it excited could never be sufficiently gratified; but such must ever be the feeling of an anxious and inquisitive mind, on finding itself in any celebrated place, entirely new to it—we gaze with breathless eagerness around us, and feel as if a new world was opening to our view.

But society, so long the boast of France, was certainly not then what it had been represented to him; but after the violent convulsions the kingdom had so recently experienced, it would have been wonderful if it had. The ferment occasioned by the changes and counterchanges that had so rapidly succeeded each other, had not, as yet, by any means subsided; but it is not immediately after the passing away of the storm that the sea ceases to be troubled; the spirit of party still prevailed every where, and jarring interests were the consequence; its turbulence was even carried into the public places, creating

continual uproar, not merely between the conquered and the conquerors—those who, keenly remembering former insults, seized the longed-for moment of retaliating for them—but between the Parisians themselves. To the grandeur of the Thuilleries, the most interesting to O'Brien of all the public structures in Paris, from the recollections connected with it, he did justice; but still, as has been observed by a tourist, there was a silent gloominess round it that affected the spirits, such as could scarcely have been expected about the residence of a court.

He rejoiced to have arrived ere the spoliation of the Louvre had commenced—that building, so worthy on its own account of a visit, yet, notwithstanding the beauty of its architecture, and the reflection of its having been the favourite palace of the immortalized Louis le Grand, allowed to be neglected and defaced.

As he alternately contemplated the respective piles, what recollections were recalled—what scenes of crime, of horror,

and voluptuousness, rose to his imagination! As he dwelt on them—with contrasted feelings on the enormities of a Catherine de Medicis, and the varied amours of Louis the Fourteenth, a thousand horrible shadows and unreal mockeries seemed to pass before him—the flitting phantoms of the actors in those scenes, once so renowned in their day, but long since passed into air, leaving nought but their remembrance behind.

O'Brien generally resorted to one particular *table-d'hôte*, from observing that he was always sure of finding the best company there. In the course of his visits to it, he was at last struck by the singularity of finding himself always an object of fixed attention to a gentleman who always sat opposite to him, as if on purpose to have a better opportunity of watching him. At last, one evening, as he was repairing from it to one of the *cafés*, the stranger, following him with quickness to the door—"Pardon, sir," said he, "this interruption, but if my eyes do not deceive me, you are

lieutenant O'Brien, of —— regiment of light dragoons?"

O'Brien bowed.

"Ay, ay," cried the other, "my heart has been for some time telling me this, that you were the person to whom it owed the greatest obligation."

"Me the person, sir!" said Donaghue; "pardon me, but really I cannot call to my recollection ever having had the honour of meeting you elsewhere than here, as you seem to intimate."

"I can soon, however, convince you to the contrary. This, however, is no place for any particular explanation; but if you will do me the honour of accompanying me to my lodgings, you will soon find what I say to be the fact. In the mean time, know I am the trooper whose life you so gallantly and humanely defended, at the risk of your own, at the late battle of Waterloo."

Donaghue had too many reasons for recollecting that circumstance, to have ever, for a moment, forgotten it; but even if he

had had any previous knowledge of the stranger, he would scarcely have recognised him, from the alteration effected by the change of habiliments, both in his appearance and apparent rank of life—that of the former was now such as to justify an opinion of the latter being that of a gentleman.

There seemed to be something curious, if not romantic, in the affair; and more out of curiosity perhaps than any other feeling, he suffered himself to accept the stranger's invitation.

In their way to the hotel where he lodged, he informed Donaghue he was a Spaniard, known by the title of don Callan—information that did not by any means tend to lessen the impatience of the other for what further he had to hear. On their arrival a table was spread with wine and fruit, and they were left alone. Don Callan having begged his guest would please himself—"And is it really the case," he cried, suddenly turning his eyes full upon Donaghue, and keenly observing him,

" that you did not in the slightest degree recollect my features?"

" Assuredly; it would be strange indeed if I could recollect what I had never before observed."

" Never! never do you say?" in a strange hurried wild kind of manner; " oh, recall those words, senor! look back—consider!" Then seeing that Donaghue was staring at him, as if uncertain what to think—" I beg your pardon—excuse me," as if suddenly recollecting himself; " have the goodness to impute any thing that may appear extraordinary in my words or behaviour to—to the effects of a terrible wound I long since received here," putting his hand to his forehead in evident confusion.

" Certainly; but you seem flurried, senor—pray compose yourself; I shall regret your recognition of me, if it occasions you any unpleasant agitation."

" And can it do otherwise—can it do otherwise?" cried the other, starting from his chair, and traversing the apartment in

the greatest disorder; "can I behold him whom I have—that is, I mean, the person who has recalled to my mind the degradation I was obliged to submit to for a season, for—for we Spaniards, senor," resuming his seat with a ghastly smile, "are a proud race; and to have been compelled to appear as a common soldier for a time —yet was it not what I merited, or rather would not the condition of a galley-slave be more suitable to my deserts! for—for—oh! I am an unhappy man, senor!" and throwing himself back in his chair, he covered his face with his handkerchief—"I have that at my heart——"

Donaghue became utterly at a loss what conjecture to form—whether to impute to remorse or madness the strange conduct he witnessed; yet, if to the former, how in any way could he be concerned in awakening it, as appeared to be the case? all that he could decide on was, that he would shorten his stay, and, as much as possible, avoid any further acquaintance with the Spaniard.

The latter, uncovering his face, and again his piercing regards turned upon him, quickly discovered his perplexity, and in consequence—" Senor," said he, " I see I have disturbed you, and I have to apologize for it; but in consideration of what I have mentioned, I hope I shall not find it difficult to do so; but pray take wine, the cruel disorder I have been attacked by, has rendered me remiss in attention to you. As I was observing, senor, I have that at my heart that might well excuse and account for, independent of any thing else, any thing that appeared strange or inconsistent in my manner. A—a sense of unmerited injuries—but my story is a brief one—with your permission I will relate it, as the best mode I can take of explaining that I do not complain without reason."

Donaghue bowed, and the other thus proceeded—" If there are revolutions in empires, how much less is it to be wondered at that there should be revolutions in families, though I have reason to boast

of mine, being descended in a right line from those illustrious Goths who so long resisted the irruptions of the barbaric Moors; yet, through some unexpected vicissitudes, I was compelled to embark in mercantile concerns, which, however, I had no reason to regret, from the success that uniformly crowned every undertaking; so that, in comparatively a short time, the fame of my wealth reestablished me on the eminence from which I had been compelled to descend, and gave me no small influence in the state; in a word, my coffers frequently supplied the emergencies of government, and powerfully aided in rendering that battle successful, which we fought with our hearts as well as swords, for the restoration of our rightful king. But, just Heavens! what was my recompence for my patriotism, and my rejection of the splendid offers made me by the usurper of the throne? scorn and neglect, in consequence of the defaming voice of a villain about the court, who being under obligations to me, which he had not the in-

clination to discharge, adopted this mode of trying to rid himself of his creditor, entertaining but little doubt that his accusation of underhand and treasonable practices against me would cost me my life, or at least occasion my banishment. My banishment it certainly occasioned, but not through the sentence of a prejudiced court, but the suggestions of my own resentment. I precipitately left the country; but had hardly done so, ere I repented the measure, from the consideration of having left all my property behind me, at the mercy of my enemies. But the die was cast—the misconstruction I was sensible the circumstance was liable to, rendered return impossible, and nothing remained but to resume those arms for my support, which I had previously taken up in the cause of an ungrateful king. To decide under whose banner I would enlist, was the only point for consideration; but this was soon determined—to the brave and generous English I quickly decided

on attaching myself, feeling as if I should find myself less a stranger with them than with others; this not merely from the knowledge acquired of them through their services in the Peninsula, but also in their own country, whither my trading concerns took me more than once, and to which circumstance, my repeated visits to that favourite isle of the ocean, you are to ascribe, senor, my speaking the language with the fluency I do, so as often indeed to be mistaken for a native of it."

And here it is to be understood, that after addressing Donaghue in French, and conversing with him some time in that tongue, he suddenly slid into English, speaking it indeed with a facility rather surprising to Donaghue in a foreigner. Observing he paused, he took the opportunity of expressing his sympathy in his wrongs, adding, they were indeed enough to "weigh a royal merchant down."

"Enough! just Powers! to force the descendant of a noble Goth——but I will not trespass upon your patience—what

immediately followed my joining the standard of your great captain, you know; but as I have taxed your sympathy, it is but fair to state that, with regard to pecuniary matters, I have no further claim on it. Through means too tedious to detail, Ferdinand was convinced of the injustice he did me, the result of which has been my recall to Spain, and the restoration of the whole of my immense property."

This was a finale to his story which Donaghue, from the preface, had little expected, and he expressed himself to that effect, protesting, since matters had ended in this way, he did not think don Callan should allow himself to be affected as he was by past events.

"What, not by the recollection of injuries?"

"Certainly, not injuries atoned for, and which, according to your own statement, were the result of imposition, not ingratitude."

"Then it is your opinion injuries redressed should be forgiven?"

"Assuredly—it must be the opinion of every Christian."

"But are there not some that the spirit must rebel against forgiving—of so black, so base a nature, that the boiling blood must rise up in tumult at the bare idea of being asked to pardon them?"

"There may; but still, if atoned for as far——"

"Ay, there's the rub, for atonement, as I take it, is but another word for restitution; and there's something in that so humiliating, so——to give back, to disgorge, to——"

"With these sentiments, your gratitude to your king must indeed be very great!" said Donaghue, sarcastically.

"My king! my king! why what has my king done for me?"

"That which you seem to think so difficult—made restitution to you."

"Oh! ay, given me back my own."

"Well, and what is restitution but that —giving a man back his own."

"True; but then supposing, senor, a

man is not conscious of being robbed, what necessity is there for forcing him to know he has been, by making any restitution to him?"

"That is a question which I should conceive a man's own conscience could best answer. If I am sensible of having done a man a wrong, it is not because he is ignorant of the circumstance that I am not bound by every law of religion and morality to make him atonement for it; and it seems to me indeed as if the less suspicious he was of the injury, the more imperative on me was the obligation to redress it."

"Well, senor, I must confess——"

"Excuse me," said Donaghue, coolly, and rising as he spoke, he pushed aside his chair, still more undecided than ever as to what opinion to form of his entertainer; "our opinions on this subject, as well as many others, probably might differ. Adieu! I leave you, happy to think you are restored to your proper rank in society."

Don Callan, now evidently under the

greatest alarm, but without any appear- any of that wildness he had before evinced, threw himself between him and the door.—" Senor," he said, " I see you are displeased; and should I allow you to leave me with that impression on my mind, I shall be miserable. Violent agitation frequently occasions inadvertencies in words and manner that disgust—let not that be the case now; I pray you to know me a little better ere you decide upon my unworthiness for your further acquaintance; either consent to stay longer now, or, if it suit your humour better, come back to supper, when I hope I shall be better able to evince my gratitude for the honour of your company than I have now been."

Donaghue wished to refuse, but knew not how, so overwhelming were his entreaties, and at length reluctantly consented to return to supper. From his hotel he repaired to the garden of the Thuilleries, where, throwing himself upon one of the numerous benches provided there

for the accommodation of the curious and the idle, his thoughts soon became diverted from his new acquaintance, by the variety of different objects that passed in review before him, almost from all nations; and evincing, not merely by characteristic traits, but in some instances by a peculiar style of costume, the country they belonged to, a kind of masquerade scene was presented to his view that highly amused him.

He was completely engrossed by it, when he received a smart slap on the shoulder. He turned round, expecting to see one of his brother-officers, and beheld his friend, doctor Rosebud.—"Well, here I am," cried the doctor, as they shook hands, "with a return in my pocket, not of the killed and wounded, but the well and healing, come to have a scamper with you and the other lads about the neighbourhood. Egad! this seems the very place for me, all mirth and no care—shows at the corner of every street, jugglers, mountebanks, dancing

dogs, skipping girls—every thing seeming as if it was a holiday. No wonder the Frenchmen appear as if they were mad; by Jove! I believe I should run wild with pleasure if I remained here."

And indeed, what between joy at meeting again a person he so much liked (for his likings and dislikings were all in the extreme), and pleasure at finding himself in a place of which he had heard so much, he appeared to have done this already, insomuch that he soon began to attract notice, which Donaghue perceiving, hurried him from the spot; but he still went on in the same manner, and more than once Donaghue was compelled to entreat him to be less vehement in his tones and action, if he did not wish to be followed by crowds; but in vain—the feelings of the moment were not to be restrained, and to give utterance to them in a quiet way, was out of the question.

Having strolled, or rather raced, for the doctor was rapid in every movement from one place to another, in and out of various

cafés, and over great part of the Palais Royale, which, above all places, was that which Rosebud most wished to see, till the evening was far advanced, Donaghue was obliged to mention his engagement to him, to account for leaving him.—"But we shall meet early in the morning, you know," he said, for the doctor had secured apartments in the same hotel with him, "and then I am yours for the remainder of the day."

Rosebud inquired where he was going, and on learning the particulars of all that had occurred between him and the Spaniard—"Egad!" he cried, "you shall take me with you, for a pleasant supper is exactly what I like to conclude a pleasant day with; besides, I have long been wishing for an introduction to a real Spaniard—to hear him, like an old Jew, talk of the number of hats he has in his family; I want also to see whether this fellow's gratitude is sincere to you, which I am rather inclined to doubt, from his not having come forward sooner to seek you; un-

der such obligations as he was to you, he shouldn't have allowed a minute, instead of weeks, to elapse, after obtaining the power of evincing it, without searching you out."

"My dear doctor," said Donaghue, "I must entreat you to recollect that you are not to expect every man to resemble yourself;" and, alarmed by this observation, he proceeded to dwell on what he conceived the extreme irritability of don Callan's nerves, in consequence of the unfortunate wound he had received, and the caution that was therefore necessary to be observed in his company.

The doctor listened with attention to him, but only replied by a nod; and, dubious of having had any effect upon him, Donaghue almost began to repent of having acceded to his proposal of taking him to the Spaniard's.

On their arrival, the doctor was introduced as his particular friend, and met with a very polite welcome from don Callan. Mutual compliments having pass-

ed, and the Spaniard again proceeding to express the great pleasure it afforded him to receive a friend of Donaghue's—"Oh! that of course, senor," said Rosebud, abruptly—"that of course; it would be very strange, very surprising indeed, if you were not happy, and gratified to see any one in any way connected with a person to whom you owe the obligation of having saved your life, and who, on your account, incurred such sufferings, as I, who had him under my care for upwards of a month without any hopes of his recovery, can well testify. You look surprised, don Callan, at my vehemence, but I always speak warmly when I am interested, and I certainly am interested, highly so, in having the generosity of my young friend here estimated as it ought to be."

"My God, doctor!" cried Donaghue, in a tone of impatience.

The doctor gave his usual "Pish!" when interrupted in any thing he was intent on, and thus proceeded—"But it is not on his account alone, don Callan, I am speaking

in this manner, but also on yours, in order to afford you that opportunity which, as a noble Spaniard, I am sure you must rejoice at, of clearing yourself from the imputation of ingratitude, such as, I rather apprehend, you have incurred, by not sooner seeking out your preserver, but which, I am happy to find, you have now amply the power of exonerating yourself from."

"Really, doctor," still more discomposed, cried Donaghue, "I must entreat——"

"And I must entreat," said the doctor, "that we have none of these high flights. Don Callan, as a man of the world, will, I dare say, readily agree with me, that services from those we have no right, as utter strangers to us, to expect them from, deserve requital."

"Assuredly; and none can more thoroughly feel what I owe your generous friend than I do. Sacred Heaven! do I not owe to him the preservation of a life I was by no means prepared to resign?"

"Ay, very likely," said the doctor,

coolly; "few of us are ready to be whipped off in a moment; but in a case of that kind, don Callan," in a moment losing his recent seriousness, at the idea of being able to obtain some amusement for himself at the expence of the Spaniard, "you are better off than we of a different persuasion are, from the snug place for halting at you have in the next world, till it is seen what the prayers of your friends below can do for you; but, after all, don Callan, allow me to ask you gravely, as a man of sense—by that I mean a man who has seen a good deal of the world, and, of course, it is natural from the circumstance to suppose got his mind enlightened—whether you really can, or do believe, that once gone, any thing that can be afterwards done for you in this world can be of service to you in the next?"

"God forbid I did not!" replied don Callan, shuddering; "for if I did not, how could I bear to dwell on the narrow escape I have so recently had from sudden death?"

"Oh, well!" with something very like

a sly sneer, "there may be reasons for rendering it comfortable to some people to believe in the efficacy of other people's prayers; and so every one to their way of thinking, don Callan," giving him a smart slap on the shoulder, for Rosebud was not one of those who require a long time to get acquainted ere he conceives he may take liberties; and the greater the surprise these were calculated to excite, the more he was always inclined to take them.

To the great relief of Donaghue, supper was now announced; the respite, however, it afforded either him or the other, from the tormenting Rosebud, was of short continuance. Nothing could divert him from the object he had in view, and accordingly he soon reverted again to the incidents of the recent battle.—"All things considered, don Callan," he resumed, "I can't help being surprised at your so readily recognising the features of my friend, though a very slight inquiry would have sufficed to let you know who it was you owed the preservation of your life to; they must

have made a very strong impression on you, to allow you to recollect them so immediately, considering the circumstances under which you first saw him."

"What! with the leisure, the opportunity I had for contemplating them! would it not have been rather wonderful if the reverse had been the case?"

"The leisure! the opportunity! why what the deuce! I thought you never saw him till at the moment he interposed between you and the rascally Frenchmen that were on the point of cutting you down?"

"No, certainly—assuredly not," replied the other, but changing colour, and in extreme agitation—"no, never—never, till that moment."

"And the devil's in it if that was a moment," said the doctor, "for taking a cool survey of any one;" and he was proceeding to follow up the observation by further laughter, when Donaghue checked him, by significantly putting his hand to his forehead.

"No, never, never—I never saw him till then," went on don Callan; "so it must have been my gratitude that presented me with his likeness in my sleep."

"And a very good one, faith, it seems she drew," observed the doctor, dryly, and who, had his life almost depended on it, could not have turned from the bent of his humour; "but it is to be hoped she will exert herself in some other way, that she will not stop at shadows."

"I understand you, senor," said the Spaniard, reddening; "and believe me, no one can entertain a higher sense of obligation than I do to your friend; and did I know—could any mode be devised——"

"Oh! if that be all you are at a loss for, I will soon settle that point," said Rosebud, eagerly drawing his chair closer to his host's, and lowering his voice—"You are as rich as a Jew, I understand, and don't know what to do with your money. Now do you lodge a certain sum of money, we'll say three thousand guineas, with the agent of my friend's regiment, to

purchase him the first vacant troop that occurs, and you will do what you ought, and of course lighten your feelings."

"I—I rejoice at the suggestion; but then the result—what may not be the result of rendering him thus—are we not already on dangerous ground?"

"By the Lord, I hope not!" cried Rosebud, beginning to think this manner of the Spaniard all a trick to avoid coming to the point; "you don't imagine, don Callan, that there is another gunpowder plot hatching here?"

"Come, I must interpose," said Donaghue; "I hope, don Callan, you take all my friend here has been saying, as I am sure he meant it should be taken, in the light of a jest?"

"You do!" said Rosebud, sneeringly; "how I admire your delicacy! but, faith, I believe," drawing away his chair from don Callan, "you won't be disappointed."

Donaghue saw he was hurt, and well knowing his irascible temper, set about giving such a turn to the conversation as

he thought might amuse him. He had travelled a good deal, and loved to talk of what he had seen, and accordingly gradually led to the subject; but it would not do—Rosebud saw his drift, and thinking he was treating him as a child, and that the Spaniard also thought the same, from a smile he saw stealing over his visage, he would not allow himself to be put into good humour. Having sat gravely listening for some time—"Well, now I suppose you are done," he cried, on his pausing; "should I ever be inclined to publish my travels, I shall apply to you for assistance, you seem to understand the art of embellishing so well.—However, I have not by any means, don Callan, seen the wonders this gentleman has chosen to assert; but I have travelled far enough to see that violent professions mean nothing, and that the gratitude of a man who, having the power to do so, yet delays to prove it, is not worth a fig—not——"

"Good God, doctor!" again impatiently exclaimed Donaghue, fearful, notwith-

standing the uneasiness he evinced, some suspicion might be created of a collusion between them; then again recollecting the easiness with which he was offended, he suddenly altered his tone, and—"I was thinking," he said——

"And so was I," deliberately said Rosebud, "that it was not very polite in you to be interrupting me when I was speaking."

"It gets late," said Donaghue.

"So much the better," replied the other, "but that won't do either, for don Callan, I am sure, is too polite and too hospitable not to wish for our company as long as we choose to favour him with it; and late to bed and early to rise, is my maxim, life being too short to lose half of it in stupifying oneself by sleep."

Donaghue, perceiving he was not to be moved till he pleased himself, and fearful, if he listened much longer to him, he might not be able to maintain that command over himself he wished, now plead-

ed the heat of the room as a pretext for repairing to a balcony in the outer one.

He had no sooner withdrawn, than the Spaniard, in a low and confidential tone, addressing himself to Rosebud, and with a perfect collectedness of manner — "I should be dull indeed of comprehension," he said, "if I did not perfectly understand your recent hints and allusions; but allow me to ask, did you not style your friend a soldier of fortune?—how then——"

"I see your mistake," cried Rosebud, in an altered tone, "and it was a very natural one; but, senor, in our country, and our language, the expression literally means a person who has nothing but his sword to depend on. My young friend was born to very different prospects; but either through imprudence or——but you are ill, senor!" seeing don Callan turn of an ashy whiteness.

"No, not now," said the other, as he passed his hand across his forehead—"not now," as if fearful, without this assurance, he would call for assistance; "I am sub-

ject to sudden faintnesses, but they are over in a moment—proceed, I pray you."

"Why, I was about saying, senor, that either through imprudence, or villainy of some kind or other, my young friend has seen a noble inheritance vanish from his grasp. I am not much given to extravagant commendations, but, upon my soul! I cannot speak what I think of him; and did it depend on me—but what is the use of saying what I would do for him, when I am scarcely better off myself than he is!"

"Well, don't despair," said don Callan, extending his hand in the most friendly manner to him, and which, in an instant, won the warm heart of the doctor, accessible to the slightest proof of kindness or regard, "there are those who possess amply the power of serving him, with perhaps an equal inclination; but from his possessing, as I see, all the sensitiveness of real pride, I perceive too much delicacy cannot be observed in the business. Leave the management of it to me, nor doubt my sincerity; trust me," and he smiled

with peculiar, perhaps with villainous significance, " I never will lose sight of him till I have accomplished what I intend."

" With all my soul," cried the exulting Rosebud; " I am sure the affair could not be in better hands."

" Why, I flatter myself I shall manage it so that you will never hear a complaint out of his lips on the subject; but I shall say no more than merely this—that it will not be my fault if he is not speedily freed from every trouble."

CHAPTER IX.

" The man whose life is innocent and plain,
Free from all vice, and free from every stain,
Of just report, untouch'd by dread or shame,
Fears not, though man his noble acts defame.
He's like a rock, which in itself confides,
And stands 'gainst all the rage of storms and tides;
Strong in his virtue, fears no mortal arm,
For gracious Heaven protects the good from harm."

From the above evening the doctor and the Spaniard became nearly inseparable; and from the confidence evidently established between them, Donaghue had not the smallest doubt that every movement of his was revealed to the latter. He knew the motive for this, but still he was hurt at the thought of such efforts being made to interest a stranger for him; and, in consequence, to avoid all imputation of concern in the circumstance, in proportion

to Rosebud's advances to intimacy with don Callan, his declined; but not on one account alone was this the case—in despite of all his arguments with himself, he conceived against this man a prejudice, he himself thought, of the most extraordinary nature, for his manners were specious, and his appearance not disagreeable; yet so it was, he could not conquer his dislike to being in his company, feeling always in it a kind of uneasiness and restraint, as if in company with some one whom a secret instinct was warning him to shun.

His regiment being among the number which the termination of the war occasioned to be put on the peace establishment, he no sooner found himself placed on the half-pay list, than he decided on returning to Altoir-na-Grenie: this was a decision which, of course, he could not keep from Rosebud, who had avowed his intention of following, or rather accompanying him wherever he went, and to whom, spite of all his oddities, he every

day got more and more attached. In acquainting him with it, however, he entreated him to keep it a secret from don Callan, that is, the exact time they proposed leaving Paris, lest he should take it into his head to make one of their party, for he could not endure to be any longer haunted by him, and in no other light could he consider the manner in which the Spaniard traced his steps, and attached himself to him wherever he went.

But whatever were the virtues of Rosebud, he certainly could never be extolled for keeping secrets, and to keep the present one would indeed, he conceived, be the height of folly, by not only, probably, being the means of depriving them of a very agreeable companion, but of inducing don Callan to relinquish his kind intentions towards Donaghue, from the offence it was natural to suppose, departing with such secresy must give him; he therefore determined not to be so great an enemy to his friend as to do what, in this instance,

he desired, more especially as he was utterly ignorant of his motives for the request; but at the same time, as he did not wish to disoblige him, he determined it should appear as if it was by chance he let that, which he wanted him to conceal, transpire.

He succeeded in this artifice to admiration, so that Donaghue, though extremely provoked, could still not evince any anger at what seemed so entirely the effect of inadvertence.

"Leaving Paris so soon?" said don Callan, evidently greatly disconcerted—"and is there a positive, an absolute necessity, for your returning so immediately to England? for if there is, it will defeat a plan—a scheme. The fact is, being on the point of setting out for Spain, it was my intention to have solicited your company thither, that on my own territory I might have had the felicity of paying you those attentions which the unsettled state I have been in here has precluded. I have a pleasant castle near Seville, the season is pro-

pitious for travelling, and surely it is not speaking too arrogantly of my own country, to say, that a journey to it could not fail of proving highly interesting to enlightened and accomplished minds. Let me not, therefore, senors, I pray, be disappointed in the fond expectation I have cherished, of being favoured with your society, in a place where I could properly prove my sense of the obligation it conferred upon me. Your compliance with my request will be a means, I flatter myself, of satisfying you that I am not altogether unworthy of your friendship, or," and he looked significantly at Rosebud, " any confidence that may have been placed in me."

Rosebud, perfectly comprehending his look, and transported besides at the bare idea of visiting a place he had not yet seen, at once declared his readiness to accept the invitation, and that he knew of nothing to prevent his friend from following his example—" For we single fellows," he cried, almost capering about the room

with delight, " are quite at liberty, as my friend sir Abel Handy says, to go where we please—Bath or Seringapatam, all one to us; and come, my boy," slapping Donaghue on the back, " whether you will or not, you must cross the Pyrenees;" and, partly from his wish to oblige him, and partly from the horror he had of returning to his desolate home, Donaghue consented to the journey.

Just as they were about stepping into the carriage provided for travelling, Rosebud observed a crowd near the door. This was sufficient to detain him, so great was his curiosity, even though he had been setting out on business that would have admitted of no delay; accordingly, making his way through it, he saw a fellow mounted on a kind of stage, one hand holding a pill-box, and the other flourishing in the air, while he thus went on—" And who are your enemies?—the English, the Austrians, you suppose; but I say no, nor yet the Moors, nor the Turks, nor——but the worms, the little worms that are

feeding on you before their time, and which this nostrum, that would be the means of saving a whole army, can alone destroy."

"I protest," said Rosebud, whom, as already observed, the merest trifles amused, "that fellow has some cleverness; I think he should be appointed physician-general to the French forces."

"He!" said don Callan, in a tone of some surprise; "and why, pray, may I ask?"

"Why, didn't you hear him say he had a specific would save a whole army?"

"He! the scoundrel! it is astonishing to me these quacks are not put down every where."

Pooh, pooh! and why so?" demanded the doctor; "why shouldn't they be allowed to live as well as other quacks? for there are quacks, don Callan, in every business, in every line, and every profession, in life; in short, the rich have credulity, and the poor wit to take advantage of it,

and thus the balance is struck between them."

Don Callan, who had travelled a good deal, and who appeared as perfectly collected as either of his companions, now proved himself a really entertaining companion. The conversation chiefly ran on the country they were journeying to, and with which he was so thoroughly acquainted, as to be able to give some very interesting particulars of it, as well as amusing instances of the traits by which the natives of the different provinces are distinguished.

"The Biscayan and the Andalusian are those that amuse me most," said Rosebud, "the former so merry and so frank, and the latter equalling in impudence and extravagance the Gascon—surpass him in rhodomontade he could not."

"No, that would be impossible indeed," assented the Spaniard.

"As a proof of which," rejoined Rosebud, whose memory was a repository of scraps, collected in all directions, and

which he delighted in producing on all occasions, "I'll tell you this anecdote:—A Parisian drew in the streets on one of them (these Gascons), by whom he had been insulted. The Gascon, calling a chimney-sweeper who happened to be passing at the instant, gave him a sous, saying—'Here, take this, and go to the sexton, and tell him to ring a knell, and come immediately for that dead body.'—'Lord, sir!' replied the messenger, 'it seems to me the gentleman is in good health.'—'Very likely,' said the Gascon, 'but did you not hear him challenge me?"

"Very good indeed," cried don Callan, laughing heartily, to the no small delight of the relater—"very good indeed!"

"Well, if you like that," resumed the doctor, who was now in his element, "I think you will like this still better:—A Gascon having called on the minister Colbert at an unseasonable hour, was acquainted he could not be then seen, as he was engaged at table with particular com-

pany; but he insisted that the attendant should go in, and inform him that a person waited with a message from the king. The minister ordered him to be immediately shewn in. Approaching the table, he asked aloud—'Gentlemen, with permission, which of you is Colbert?'—'I am the person,' said the minister, 'what is it you require?'—'Oh! no great affair,' said the other—'a trifling order of his majesty to pay me five hundred crowns.' Colbert, who was in a humour to amuse himself, desired the Gascon to take a seat at table, ordered him a cover, and promised to expedite his business after dinner. The Gascon accepted the offer without the least ceremony, and ate voraciously. Having dined, the minister sent for one of his secretaries, who took the order to the treasury. Here one hundred pistoles were counted out and given to him; on which he observed—'The sum was one hundred and fifty.'—'True,' replied the secretary, 'but fifty are retained for your dinner.'—'Fifty!' repeated the Gascon, 'fifty

pistoles for a dinner! where I dine I pay but twenty sous.'—'That I very well believe,' replied the secretary; 'but you do not dine with the minister Colbert, and that is the honour for which you must pay.'—'Oh, very well!' replied the Gascon, 'since that is the case, keep the whole, it is not worth my while to accept one hundred pistoles; I will bring one of my friends to-morrow, and we will eat up the remainder.' The discourse was reported to Colbert, who admired the Gascon, ordered the whole sum to be paid him, being all his wealth, and did him many good services."

"But of all the provinces, I conceive Grenada must be the most interesting," said Donaghue; "how often, as I have been reading descriptions of it, have I sighed to be wandering amidst the courts of the Alhambra, and the gardens of the Generalif—enjoying the refreshing sight of the limpid waters of one, and inhaling the delicious fragrance of the other! that balmy air, the purity of which is attested

by the complexions of the fair Andalusians. Yet what melancholy must mingle with the pleasure the sight of it could not but afford! To see it so altered, so little realizing those glowing descriptions we have received of what it was in former times, when from its numerous gates it could pour forth an army of upwards of thirty thousand men — when all was life and bustle, beauty and magnificence, health and industry; but the triumph over it has been of superstition, and what desolation ever marks its triumph! how mercilessly does it extirpate all that the poet loves to contemplate—that the heart of feeling delights to dwell on! but the glow of imagination, the pleasure derived from associating ideas, are unknown to it; it knows nothing of that mysterious pleasure, if I may use the expression, which a soul of sentiment experiences in tracing the feelings, the taste, the genius, of an interesting people, in the works which they have left behind them; all plead in vain—the records of departed

greatness—the wonderful efforts of man's comprehensive genius—all are destroyed or defaced, to make room for sloth and ignorance, for sensuality and bigotry. Had the Spaniards pursued a different system of policy, and really been influenced by religion, I mean that religion that inclines to peace and goodwill to all, how many of the tracts now given up to waste and barrenness would have been regions of beauty and fertility! But I beg your pardon, don Callan," said Donaghue, suddenly recollecting himself, "my observations, I am aware, are not what they ought to be to you, but in the warmth of feeling, people sometimes are hurried beyond what they first intended; you will therefore have the goodness to excuse me."

"Excuse you!" repeated Rosebud; "to be sure he will: do you think that don Callan has seen so much of the world, without knowing that every man has a right to have an opinion?"

"Assuredly," assented the Spaniard; "and indeed I perfectly agree with your

friend, that Grenada now forms a melancholy contrast to what it once was. Its glories have literally passed away with its old inhabitants—its streets are choked with filth—its woods destroyed—its aqueducts crumbled to dust—its territory depopulated—its trade lost—in a word, every thing but the church and the law is in a most deplorable state.

"Oh, the deuce a fear of the churchmen or lawyers!" cried Rosebud, "if a fat bit can be got by hook or by crook, they will contrive to obtain it for themselves. What a set of locusts your priests to be sure are, don Callan! and then all their mockeries and mummeries——"

"My dear doctor," interrupted Donaghue, in an expostulating tone.

"Oh, pish!" exclaimed Rosebud; "what, as I have just said, do you think don Callan has mixed so much in the world without being accustomed to hear men speak their sentiments? I suppose you don't want me to lose the charter of an Englishman; at all events, as my friend Mr.

Coates says, I'll crow while I can. On this side of the Pyrenees, at least, we are safe, let us say what we may; on the other, indeed—though even there, I believe, people have not got too enlightened to render the disclosure of their sentiments dangerous."

Don Callan smiled. Donaghue caught the smile, and it did not please him. He checked, however, any indications of this, justly conceiving it would indeed be unreasonable and ridiculous in the extreme, to be angry with a man because the expression of his smile was not agreeable to you.

"What a pother, don Callan," said Rosebud, who loved extremely to hear himself talk, "has been made about the name of your country! for my part," and he spoke in a tone of importance, "I agree with my friend Galen, who supposes 'Hesperia,' from which all its modern names are derived, to have been formed from the Phœnician word *sapan*, or *sapena*, signifying a rabbit, with which animals the

country was once overrun, so that we may call you, don Callan, a coney-catching race."

A riot and noise in a small village through which they were passing, attracted the travellers' attention. Rosebud, with his usual impatient curiosity, instantly dispatched the corporal to know what was the matter. He shortly returned, and acquainted them that it was all about love.

"Love!" repeated Rosebud.

"Yes, an' please your honour, doctor; they told me they had seized one of the lovers, who had broke his vows, and were dragging him to punishment."

"Dragging him to punishment! Well, to be sure, this is most extraordinary!" said Rosebud; "but every place has its own ways and customs; and to be sure this is a much more summary way of proceeding than that we have recourse to in our country, for punishing a perjured lover, by bringing an action against him for a breach of promise. Heaven help them! what would become of half of the

Lovelasses of London, if they were in such a place as this!"

"Ah! it's not what you think, doctor," said the corporal; "it is really for making love to a true sweetheart, and not for deserting her, that they are going to punish the lover here."

"Well, I really can't understand it," said the doctor, in great distress.—"Pray, sir," addressing a man of respectable appearance, "can you inform me what is the meaning of this riot?"

"It began, monsieur," replied the stranger, "I understand, by one of these love-leaguers breaking his vows."

"Love-leaguers, sir, did you say?" demanded Rosebud, eagerly.

"Yes, monsieur; have you never heard of the love-league as established in this town?"

"No, never," returned the doctor, "but would be greatly obliged by any information on the subject," laying his hand as he spoke on the arm of the stranger, as if

afraid else he might leave him without gratifying his curiosity.

"You must know then, monsieur, shortly after the return of Louis the Eighteenth, for the purpose of marking that happy epoch by something singular and grand, a set of young men, call them whimsical, fanatics, or what you please, entered into a league, to which they swore eternal truth, which they called 'the lovers' league,' for the purpose, they avowed, of proving the excess of their passion, by an invincible resistance to every rigour of the seasons. In obedience to their institutes, they wore little clothing in winter, and very much when the heat is at the greatest; in winter, flowers and foliage garnish their fireplaces—in summer, large fires are made; they have thus gone on, in this extravagant manner, until the greater part of these lovers have died of cold, or been smothered by heat, declaiming on the constancy, force, and effervescence, of their flame. The person who began this riot forgot himself so far as to be

tempted, in consequence of having made too free with the juice of the grape, to indulge himself a little by making love to a pretty young girl he admired, and accordingly some of the leaguers set on him for breaking his vows, while others of them took his part."

"Well, by Jove, this beats all the mad pranks I ever heard of before!" exclaimed Rosebud; "why, those of don Quixote, in the black mountains, were nothing to it. Body of me! as my friend Sancho says, did any one ever hear the like of this before?"

"Pardon me, monsieur," said the stranger—"in the reign of Philip the Fifth, such a society or league existed, and this they have taken for a precedent."

"Good Heavens! good Heavens! and so because my neighbour runs mad, or plays the fool, I am to do the same? But adieu, monsieur!" kissing his hand, and waving it with a flourish, "adieu! and accept the assurance of my high consideration for your obliging information."

But notwithstanding the friendship that now appeared established between him and the Spaniard, a thousand little bickerings took place between them, the jealous temper of Rosebud making him fancy a thousand causes for offence; sometimes he imagined he was laughed at—sometimes not sufficiently attended to when speaking—sometimes that he was treated as a petulant boy; and on these occasions he was always ransacking his brain for something spiteful to say. Don Callan, however, seemed to take all in good part, and to appear vexed at Donaghue's seeming to think the reverse the case, by interfering so often as he did, especially when the doctor chose to make the religion of their companion the subject of ridicule and invective.

But at length the journey drew to an end, and they reached the ancient city of Seville in safety, after a journey sufficiently pleasant to make amends for any fatigue it occasioned. Don Callan having lodged them in one of the chief inns, then

took leave for a few days, in order to get his castle prepared for their reception, the length of time he had been absent from it making him much fear it was not exactly in a state for immediately receiving guests.

His departure would have left them entirely to themselves, but that Rosebud, in racing about to tell every body where they were going, was intrusted with the delivery of a letter from a gentleman there to a relation in Seville, in which he mentioned the doctor and his young friend in such terms as induced don Alonzo de Guzman to wait on them immediately, with a polite offer of his services, and an invitation to a *tertulia* on the following evening. The entertainment known by this name must be too well known to every reader, to render any description of it necessary here; suffice, it highly delighted the strangers from its novelty, and corrected some errors they had been under, particularly with regard to the gravity and jealousy of the Spanish gentlemen, and the reserve

of the ladies in public; nothing could surpass the vivacity of the latter, nor the affability of their manners; nor the pleasure which the former appeared to derive from witnessing their good-humour and general condescension.

A concert succeeded the repast, and during the interval between it and the ball that was to follow, the company dispersed about the gardens, which were very extensive, and partially illuminated with the greatest brilliancy. In a short time Donaghue and the doctor were left by themselves, but they did not long continue together, for the doctor, finding Donaghue inclined to take the way to a retired part of the garden, suddenly left him for that which was more to his taste, from being the general centre of attraction. The walk into which Donaghue strolled was thickly planted with orange, lemon, and palm-trees, rendering it totally dark, but at the same time making, from this circumstance, the stars that shone above appear infinitely more brilliant.

Donaghue quite enjoyed the place, and was sinking into a train of pleasingly-pensive reflections, when voices from an adjoining arbour broke on his reverie, and from the flirting conversation which he overheard here, as well as in some other sequestered spots, the error above alluded to was still further corrected, and a good deal of laughter produced between him and Rosebud the next morning, by finding, when they compared notes, that discoveries, or rather detections of a similar nature, had been made by both.

But every thing, of a trifling nature at least, was soon forgotten in their eager impatience to view the city, and the remarks it elicited, together with the beautiful plain on which it is situated; but the Guadalquiver, on the banks of which it stands, no longer gives that life to it which it did in former times, when the galleons here discharged their rich freightage from Mexico and Peru; but while other cities are literally running into the country, it is worthy of remark that this is not larger

than when left by the Romans. But though the situation is pleasant, the town itself is badly laid out, the streets being narrow and crooked, containing, however, some handsome houses, but very much in the Moorish plan, there being large courts with fountains in the centre, surrounded by galleries, in which the families generally live in summer, under tents.

The suburbs are fine, and the favourite promenade, called the Alamada, a very delightful one, shaded as it is with fine rows of trees, and adorned with seats and fountains. The extensive palace of the Alcazar, its beautiful fountains, its cool corridors, the grandeur of the royal apartments, the flights of marble stairs, and galleries composed of the same precious materials, all laid claim to the admiration of the travellers; but still more interesting was its garden to them, from the specimen it afforded of what an Arabian one is, having been laid out by the Moors, and allowed to continue as they left it: deplorable indeed would have been the

taste that would have attempted any alteration in one so adapted to the climate. The parterres, planted with evergreens, richly blended with orange-trees, shelter, in many places, the most delicious baths, supplied by marble fountains; while by means of small pipes in the joinings of the marble with which many of the walks are paved, a constant coolness is diffused through them, grateful in the extreme beneath such a sun.

The saloon, containing a collection of Roman antiquities, from an ancient city called Italica, a few miles distant from Seville, and celebrated for being the birthplace of the emperor Trajan, did not either escape their attention, and without professing to be antiquarians, they were much gratified by what they saw there.

The doctor and O'Brien spent some time in viewing the cathedral, a fine building in the Gothic style, with the figure of a woman on the top of the steeple, called the Giralda, which turns round with the

wind. The steeple is very lofty, and Donaghue ascending it, was enchanted with the view it presented of the beautiful and fertile plains of Seville, with its delicious gardens and orange groves, enlivened by the Guadalquiver.

Before the choir of the cathedral is the tomb of Christopher Columbus, with this simple inscription, comprised in these words—" To Castile and Arragon Columbus gave a new world."

" It is short," observed the doctor, " but still as expressive as the high-sounding ones too often presented to the eye on the mausoleums of the rich, and puts me in mind of the ' O rare Ben Jonson!' in Westminster Abbey; for my part, I have always thought, of all flattery, that of monumental flattery the most ridiculous, for those concerned in it cannot be gratified by it, while others laugh at it."

" It is very true," returned his companion; " and, as has been observed by a writer of elegance, ' Philosophy may sigh, or smile, at the weakness or vanity which

leads to a thing of the kind;' but are there not a thousand weaknesses in life that we cannot help respecting, from the motive to which we attribute them; and is not this, the weakness that occasions us to bedeck the tombs of those we love in such a manner as may prevent their being passed over with neglect, one of them? but if we examine and investigate, we shall find that there is not that folly attached to the idea of those splendid repositories for the dead, which are to be found in all parts of the world, since a sufficient reason could be assigned for them. For instance, the Egyptians entertained the belief that the body, after three thousand years, was again to be animated—is it wonderful, therefore, that they should conceive no cost too great for the preservation of those remains, that, at the end of a stated period, they expected to see again spring into existence, or to do honour to those they imagined only slumbering for a while? To this belief we may attribute

the mighty pyramid of Cheops; and regarding it in this light, we cannot contemplate it as the effort of a madman, to attain immortality by a heap of stones. But it is insisted on, at the present day, that all monuments had a physical utility, and it has been observed, for I quote the observation of another, ' Ought it not to be considered, that there is for nations a moral utility of a much higher nature, which was studied by the legislators of antiquity? for is there nothing to be learned from the sight of a tomb? if any lesson is taught by it, why should we complain that a king resolved to render that lesson perpetual? Majestic monuments constitute an essential part of the glory of every human society; unless we maintain that it is a matter of indifference whether a nation leaves behind it a name or no name in history, we cannot condemn those structures, which extend the memory of a people beyond its own existence, and make it contemporary with the future generations that fix their residence in their for-

saken fields. Of what consequence is it then, whether those edifices were amphitheatres or sepulchres? Every thing is a tomb with a nation that is no more. When man is gone, the monuments of his life are still more vain than those of his death —his mausoleum is at least serviceable to his ashes, but do his palaces retain any portion of his pleasures?"

They visited the monastery of St. Francis, situated in an extensive square, adorned with a fountain, casting up sheets of limpid water. The building is large, and its church magnificent. The high altar, adorned with paintings and sculpture, particularly attracted their attention, and amongst the former, one representing the fainting of queen Esther, and Ahasuerus extending the royal sceptre to her, Donaghue thought he could never sufficiently admire. But all this was not seen in one day, nor, once seen, was the interest excited to be gratified without repeated visits.

Some days elapsed, and still no don Callan, nor any message from him. The

from behind the altar, and slipping a fold-friends were too agreeably engaged to feel any anxiety about seeing him, but they could not help thinking it odd that there was no message of inquiry from him, to learn how, as strangers, they were getting on, and still stranger that no one seemed to know any thing about him; however, they accounted for this by supposing he had never mixed much with the immediate inhabitants of Seville.

CHAPTER X.

"For neither man, nor angel, can discern
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone."

The delight which Donaghue took in viewing the interesting picture of Esther, drew him to take another view of it, one morning, by himself. As he was contemplating it in fixed admiration, a man, completely enveloped in a large cloak, stole

ed paper into his hand, instantly vanished from his view.

The doctor joining him at the instant, prevented his immediately ascertaining the contents of this mysteriously delivered billet; but the curiosity it excited was too great not to induce a speedy return to the inn, when retiring to his own chamber, he hastily opened it, and to his great surprise read as follows:

"*Monastery of St. Francis.*

"SIR,

"An Englishman having by chance heard of your arrival in this city, although unknown to you, claims your assistance as a countryman, to extricate him from a situation of the most imminent peril, such as he has every reason to apprehend may prove fatal to him, if not speedily rescued from. The bearer will explain particulars, time not allowing of his explaining more himself.

"*To O'Donaghue O'Brien, Esq.*"

But where was the bearer? why, since he must have known he was referred to him, disappear with such suddenness, thus in a degree disappointing the confidence that had been reposed in him? But without puzzling himself further on the subject, Donaghue immediately decided on returning to the monastery. By the time he returned to the church, he found it nearly deserted; he looked keenly at the few that remained, in hopes of receiving a sign from some one of them; but no one appeared to notice him particularly, and after lingering some time before the high altar, he returned to his lodgings, but with a determination of revisiting the church in the evening; for his humanity was all on the alert to know how he could render the required service.

On entering his chamber to change his dress for dinner, he kicked something before him; on looking to see what, he perceived it was a paper in which the billet had been wrapped, and picking it up, dis-

covered the following lines written with a pencil on it:—

"When the bearer of this undertook what is alluded to in the billet, he was by no means aware of the danger he was likely to incur from the promise he made; but though, from being now perfectly apprized of it, he can no longer think of fulfilling to the expected extent the promise he so rashly made, yet still anxious to serve an innocent man, he suggests to the senor O'Brien that father Lawrence, confessor to the monastery of St. Francis, might, by proper management, be render instrumental to what is desired. Of course caution, it must be evident, is required; but for the better guidance of the senor, he deems it not amiss to hint, that the father is accessible to money."

The whole of dinner-time Donaghue

could think of nothing but how he could proceed in this perplexing affair; in vain, however, he puzzled himself on the subject, and at last he came to the determination of consulting with the corporal, of whose shrewdness he was well aware; for as to doing so with Rosebud, that was out of the question, from the rashness and precipitancy of his temper, which never allowed him to take a moment for consideration ere he acted, let the matter be what it might.

After hearing his communication, Cormick remained for some time in deep cogitation, then suddenly striking his forehead—"I have it," he cried, "I have it, your honour, by St. Patrick!"

"Explain," said Donaghue.

"Oh! that, your honour, would take up too much time now; only that I think, if the affair is left to my management, I shall be able to get hold of the confessor."

"Well, I am perfectly ready to intrust it to you," said Donaghue.

"Very well, your honour; then let me

have a few pieces, and I'll instantly set about what I have schemed."

Donaghue presenting him with his purse, desired him to take what he required. The corporal obeyed him, and Donaghue, without delaying him to ask further questions then, rejoined the doctor, but could not prevent his thoughts from being occupied in conjecturing what the plan of Cormick was, or avoid anxiously inquiring about him, from time to time. At last he learned he had come in, and was then busy in his room, preparing for a person he expected to see. On hearing this, Donaghue made an excuse to the doctor for not accompanying him in his promenade about the town, and immediately repaired to his own chamber, which, adjoining Cormick's, would, he knew, permit him both to see and hear whatever passed there, and at what he witnessed he certainly was a good deal diverted, from the specimen it gave him of the corporal's roguery.

It seems a letter was written by Cormick

to the confessor, stating that a person then lying ill at the Angel inn wished to see him immediately, for the double purpose of receiving his ghostly consolation, and putting into his hands a sum of money, which he had vowed to St. Francis, in hopes of its being the means of inducing him to aid their prayers for their recovery; and at the moment of Donaghue's entering his room, the corporal was preparing for the reception of the pious father, by laying out a table with different kinds of wine and fruit.

Father Lawrence at last came; he was a man about four feet high, and nearly as broad as he was long, and rather reeled than walked into the room. His rosy jowls hung low, and the shortness of his neck made his head appear to be sunk between his shoulders. His eyebrows were dark and bushy, and projected far over a pair of small grey sharp eyes, that twinkled like stars of a frosty night, and appeared to have a most extraordinary facility in observing surrounding objects; and from the

colour of his visage it might have been supposed, but for his vow of abstinence, he sometimes mixed wine with his water, and that to its purifying effect were owing the large carbuncles that were cast out on his nose, not certainly to the rendering his aspect more amiable.

"Peace be to this house!" he cried, on entering; "but how is this?" casting his scrutinizing eyes round the apartment; "I thought I was summoned here to a sick or expiring man, but I see no one here answering that description."

"True, holy father, true," cried the wag Cormick; "when I got that note wrote to you, I thought it was all over with me; but good St. Francis heard my prayers, and, as you see, has almost miraculously restored me to myself, blessed be his holy name for his kindness! for I was not altogether prepared, I must confess, for a journey yet a while to the other world; and indeed the knowledge of this, holy father, makes me wish to have a little talk with your reverence: but come, fa-

ther, be seated, for I clearly perceive, in your haste to be in time to do your duty, you have walked so fast as to lose your breath."

"Ah no, son! but I am old—I am infirm," sighed the confessor, as he took a seat at the table, and cast a leering glance over it, "and weak, and faint, from penitence, mortification, and fasting."

"So it seems indeed," said the corporal, as he filled out wine; "any one might see that, that looks at you, wasted away as you are! But come, father," presenting him with a glass, "here's to our better acquaintance. I can see by your reverence's looks it will go against your grain to touch it; but worn out, dwindled away to nothing as you are with fasting, you must needs now and then require a cordial of the kind; and indeed, holy father, if it was for nothing else, you should take some care of yourself, for the sake of the poor penitents under your holy care, for where would they find such a spiritual director as yourself?"

"Ah! that's all very true, my son. Heaven knows indeed, as you say, I want something to strengthen my weak body, raise my sinking heart, and comfort me altogether; but then I so wish to mortify —however, it smells so enticingly—that is, I mean—however, not to appear ungracious to a person whom, there is reason to believe, holy St. Francis esteems, I will just put my lips to it."

"Is it to your liking, father?" asked the corporal, as soon as he perceived he had got to the bottom of the glass, which was by no means a small one.

"To my liking! why, I—I protest, my son, I cannot well tell what the taste of it was, having swallowed it without thinking about it."

"Then try it again, father."

"Well, my son, since you wish for my opinion," and another bumper was discharged down his throat, like the first; after which—"Well, my son, I must confess, as a body may say, I think the taste of it very delicious, but perhaps that's

only owing to my not being accustomed to any thing of the kind. But see here! after your good-nature, if I have drank to your better health! Well, my son, you shall not have to reproach me with such unkindness, and so——I didn't use to be so unmannerly."

"No, no, I dare say not, father, in matters of this kind," cried the corporal, as he replenished his glass for him; "but come, father, take care of yourself, I beg, for I want to have a little chat with you; I want to speak to you about an act of charity I vowed, if it was agreeable to you to concern yourself in it."

"Agreeable, my son!" rubbing his hands in manifest delight at the idea thus held out of his soon being allowed to touch the needful—"is it not the very comfort of my heart, and joy of my soul, to hear any one speaking of charity? more particularly when, by letting me be the means of distributing it, I know their pious intentions will not be defeated."

"Well, father, to explain—but first let

us wet our whistles," cried the corporal, evidently beginning to get a little elevated—"In that awful hour, when I expected every moment would be my last, I made a vow to St. Francis——"

"A vow, my son!" eagerly repeated the confessor.

"Yes, father, to give five pieces to the confessor of his monastery, to bestow in charity, for his sake, as he pleased."

"Indeed! well then, my son, if you were thinking for twenty years, you could not have done any thing more agreeable to him, for he is one of the most benevolent of the saints."

"I am glad to hear that, father, that what I did must be agreeable to him. Here they are—the five pistoles."

Father Lawrence eyed the gold with a greedy eye, but hesitated to take it.

"What are you hesitating about?" impatiently demanded the corporal, pressing the money on him.

"It is against my vows, son, to—to directly take money; but then," catching

the corporal by the arm, as in surprise he started back, "I—I don't refuse it; but the way is to let it seem as if I found it, so you must let it drop on the floor."

"Oh ho! is that the way of cheating the——I beg pardon—there it is—one, two," and he deliberately counted the five pieces as he let them fall.

"Very good, my son, very good!" cried the confessor, as he nimbly picked them up, and snugly deposited them in his pouch; "depend upon it they shall be properly disposed of; and not only that, but assure yourself you shall have my prayers with St. Francis, to recompense you for this whenever you shall meet."

"Ah, father! the time for that is so uncertain, that if you could be prevailed on, in his stead, to do me a kindness now, I should be very well satisfied, and for which I have five pieces more I could lose as readily as those you just found."

"Explain, for really you have so gained upon me, so won my warm heart, that

if I can oblige you, you may depend on it: but didn't I hear something drop?"

"I believe not, Lawrence, but you soon will—one, two, three, four, five! Now, father, you must know——"

"But first," interrupted the confessor, "remember that all that passes between us is a secret."

"Trust me for that," said the corporal; "but to go on—Now, father, you must know that my master is a most liberal gentleman, for this money was his, and the only return he requires for it, and more perhaps, is, that you would procure him an interview with the prisoner you have in the monastery."

The confessor started—"The prisoner at the monastery! How! why! what! how did you come to know any thing about that man?"

"Tut! what signifies telling? but if it was the devil himself one wanted to see, I think, after all that has passed, you shouldn't refuse to oblige one."

"The devil himself! Lord save us!

don't mention the wicked one again before me, my son; but what interest has your master in this man's fate?"

"Why, as all things that pass between us are to remain a secret, you must know, most reverend Lawrence, that that man is my master's brother."

"You don't say so?" said the confessor, eagerly.

"By St. Patrick, but I do!" replied the corporal, scarcely knowing, by this time, what he was saying.

"Then perhaps he had something to say to the affair—was one of the party maybe?"

"You may say that."

"Well, well, this is a discovery! and his brother, you say?"

"No more doubt of it than there is of your being entitled to be sainted for your sanctity; and so you wouldn't have the cruelty, I'm sure, not to let him see his own relation!"

The confessor seemed to muse; then, after a pause of some minutes—"Well,

son," he said, "since you say your master is so generous, and will be so sure of rewarding any kindness, he shall see his brother; here, give him this," taking a small crucifix from his bosom, "let him attend matins, and remain near the high altar, and when the service is over, a person will be in readiness, on the sight of it, to conduct him where he wishes."

"Ah then, come to my arms, my jewel!" cried Cormick, starting up in no small ecstacy, at the thought of having succeeded so well in his stratagem; "one would think you were an Irishman, you are so good-natured."

As he spoke he made a reel, or rather dart forward, to embrace the priest, but who, not exactly liking this manifestation of kindness, drawing back a little at the instant to avoid it, Cormick fell upon him with such force, as brought both to the ground, whence it was not without difficulty, after completely rolling over one another, they were able to rise.

The moment father Lawrence had re-

tired, Donaghue entered the apartment to secure the crucifix, and see the corporal was got to bed. He would have remonstrated with him on the falsehood he had been guilty of, but for the uselessness of any expostulation with him at present; and this not merely from the abhorrence in which he held imposition of all kinds, but not knowing, in the present instance, the mischief it might be the means of occasioning; and the consideration of this would assuredly have caused him a good deal of uneasiness, but that he was inclined to think the selfishness of the confessor would not permit him to allow any thing disagreeable to accrue from it.

Exactly as the clock struck twelve, he repaired to the church of St. Francis, now brilliantly illuminated, and crowded with people.

Immediately after service the crowd began to thin, and Donaghue then approached the high altar; but, minute after minute elapsed, and all, save a few straggling devotees wandering about the aisles, or

kneeling at different shrines, had departed, without bringing any one to him, and he was beginning to think the confessor would fail in his promise, when a small door was cautiously opened, and father Lawrence appeared at it, eagerly looking about him. Donaghue directly took the crucifix from his bosom, and held it up to him. The recognition was acknowledged by his being immediately beckoned to the father. Having passed through the door, he was conducted in silence through part of the cloisters, to an apartment, where the confessor left him, but returned in a few minutes with the prisoner, and then again retired.

The stranger was so completely enveloped in a large cloak, that it was utterly impossible for Donaghue to catch a glimpse of his face, and appeared greatly agitated, insomuch that Donaghue was obliged to entreat him to endeavour to compose himself, and recollect the expediency of losing no time in letting him know how he could be serviceable to him, or rather in what

way he should proceed to effect his liberation.

This remonstrance had the desired effect. The stranger informed him, that though an Englishman, as already stated, he had for many years been a kind of naturalized Spaniard, his religion inducing him to take up his abode in the country, and, of course, amenable to all its laws, of which circumstance a person deeply in his debt took advantage to represent him as an enemy to the government, and in consequence of which unjust accusation he should have been arrested, but that he discovered the danger he was in just time enough to escape it by taking sanctuary in the monastery of St. Francis, till such time as he could fly the country; but where he had not long been, ere, by means too tedious to enter upon, he ascertained the artifices of his enemy having even there prevailed against him, by inducing the superior to decide on giving him up.—"The ensuing night," he continued, in terrible agitation, "is the one fixed on for this treachery; so

that if prompt measures are not taken, I am a lost man. In flying to save my life, all my property was left behind, but if you will generously furnish your servant, who has already played his part to admiration, with the means of still further interesting the confessor in my behalf, I make no doubt of obtaining my liberty."

This was readily promised; and, to be brief, the corporal managed matters so well with father Lawrence, that he succeeded in obtaining the prisoner his liberty, and conducted him, the next night, from the monastery to the inn, where it was decided he should remain for a few days, by which time it was concluded the search after him would be pretty well over. Cormick put him in possession of a snug chamber, and having provided him with refreshments, left him to himself, taking care to lock the door himself, and, for fear of accidents, putting the key in his pocket.

After this precaution, his consternation at the discovery of the ensuing morning

may well be imagined. On the return of Donaghue from a ramble before breakfast, he found him in utter dismay at the flight of the stranger, or rather at having, in consequence of it, had any thing to say to him, protesting that he must either be the old one himself, or else a conjuror, to have effected it from a chamber secured on the outside, and with the windows of it at a considerable distance from the ground.

Donaghue, though he could not conjecture how he had contrived to get off, had no superstitious fears, however, to be awakened; but he certainly felt indignant at the base requital this conduct was for the risk they had run on his account, imputing it, as he did, to a distrust of their sincerity.

END OF VOL. I.

Printed by J. Darling, Leadenhall-Street, London.

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